

The Enterprise.

VOL. 7.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

NO. 5.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:16 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:12 A. M. Daily.	
12:48 P. M. Daily.	
4:57 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
4:06 P. M. Daily.	
7:05 P. M. Daily.	
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.
6:49, 7:18, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 12:30 P. M.
8:31 P. M., 8:45, 9:01, 9:17, 9:38, 9:58, 10:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M.
7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49,
10:21, 10:35, 11:23.
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.
First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and
every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.
Time cards can be obtained by applying to
conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sun-
days, 8:00 to 4:00 a. m. Money order office open
7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North..... 7:05 12:30
South..... 4:15

MAIL CLOSURE.

North..... 8:50 12:30
South..... 4:30
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every
Sunday in Grace Church. Morning
service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at
7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See
local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every
Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen
of the World, meets every Wednesday
evening at Journeymen Butchers'
Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen
Butchers' Protective and Benevolent
Association, will meet every
Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen
Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.	Redwood City
ASSASSINATOR	
C. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. H. Thompson.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tillou.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City

Chamberlain Not in Good Health.

London.—The friends of Joseph Cham-
berlain, the Colonial Secretary, have for
some time been concerned in regard to
his health. Chamberlain has written to
the Handsworth School declining to dis-
tribute prizes at that institution be-
cause, as he said, "it is absolutely neces-
sary for me to confine myself to public
work."

Canadian Railway in the Yukon.

Ottawa (Ont.)—An application will
be made at the next session of Parlia-
ment to incorporate the Lake Bennett
Railway Company to build a road from
Dye river to Lake Bennett, and thence
to Selkirk, in the Yukon Territory.

Ticket-Scalping Law Unconstitutional.

Albany, (N. Y.)—The law passed
by the last legislature prohibiting ticket
scalping has been declared to be uncon-
stitutional by the Court of Appeals.

Killed by a Train.

Los Angeles.—A man supposed to be
John Williams, was struck by a South-
ern Pacific train Saturday and instantly
killed. The accident occurred at Com-
mercial and Reguena streets.

The test of the new submarine boat
Fulton proved entirely satisfactory.
She remained under water, with a full
crew of officers and men, for fifteen
consecutive hours.

The estate of the late Collis P. Hun-
tington has been sued for \$6000 for
works of art said to have been pur-
chased by him but not paid for.

An Ohio legislator proposes to intro-
duce a bill requiring all bartenders to
pass an examination and receive a li-
cense from the state.

Isidor Rayner, Admiral Schley's
leading counsel in the naval investiga-
tion, has declined to accept any fee or
even his expenses.

A Photographic Accomplice

MR. MOURDOFF, said the pros-
ecuting attorney, "tell the story
of the murder, just as you saw
it committed."

The witness, a small, nervous man,
took a new position on his chair, hesi-
tated a moment, and then began to
talk.

The audience in the court room wait-
ed expectantly.

They were of the usual types—the
idle spectators, the sensation seekers,
the newspaper reporters, and the score
of unclassifiable individuals who go to
make up such a cosmopolitan throng.

The trial had dragged heavily until
now, and had been a mere battle of
lawyers; but with the advent of a new
witness interest had been awakened,
which had reached the feverish point
when it was found that he knew the
minute details of the crime.

Consequently, when he began to
speak, the silence was painful.

"I am a photographer by profession,"
said Mourdoeff in starting, "and am
particularly interested in outdoor work.
Often I take a landscape camera and
wander through the woods, impressing
upon the sensitive film the more beau-
tiful and delicate bits of nature, thus
bringing into my studio the fragments
of the artistic forest.

"One Saturday afternoon—by refer-
ence to notes I find it was the 12th of
July last—I started on one of my regu-
lar expeditions.

"I remember the day was a perfect
one, and the whole plant world seem-
ed clothed in holiday attire. After se-
curing a number of excellent views I
turned towards home, but stopped with
an exclamation of delight as I beheld
one of the prettiest, daintiest glades
imaginable.

"Quickly setting up my tripod, I fo-
cused the camera until the clear im-
print of the scene was visible upon the

sure, without realizing what I was do-
ing; and only discovered, when I
heard the metallic click of the shutter,
as it closed after its instantaneous
movement, that I had taken the pho-
tograph!

"When my startled senses came back
to me I saw a bleeding form lying on
the ground, while a few yards away a
man was running.

"The body which lay on the thick,
green grass was that of a man whose
death caused this trial; and the cow-
ardly, fleeing assassin, the man who
would not face the consequences of his
deed, was the prisoner, John Evans."

The witness took a glass of water,
wiped his heated brow, and looked
about him.

The spectators, too interested to
think, gaspingly drew back in their
chairs. The prisoner, a handsome,
homely-appearing man, sat motionless
and stunned.

"That night," said Mr. Mourdoeff, re-
suming his narrative, "I developed the
plate that was in the camera, and you
may be sure I watched with interest
and hope as the picture gradually be-
gan to form.

"Bit by bit the trees came out; the
long shadows deeply indented the grass
in their reverse color of pure white;
the grass, like a bunch of tangled
thread, gathered into a discernible
mass; and then, last of all, the two
men's images stood out on the dull
gray surface.

"By means of a solution of alcohol I
dried the negative at once, and by us-
ing a developing paper, I soon had a
perfect print.

"The photograph is more than a mere
curiosity; it is the study of a crime. On
it you can see undeniable proof of that
man's guilt; see the manner of the kill-
ing; see the already dying victim.

"That is the extent of my knowledge
of this murder."

In a dazed, uncertain fashion, the
man on trial for his life gazed at the
photograph which the lawyer held in
his hand.

He seemed unable to comprehend the
story, and his eyes beseechingly asked
for a glance at the picture which he
could not understand.

But the prosecuting attorney had
fame and a name yet to gain, and he
heeded not the pleading now expressed
in the mute, quivering mouth; what
difference could it make, at any rate?
The picture was a remarkably distinct
one.

Before a background of tangled trees,
merging into the matted grass at their
base, stood two men; one with an ex-
ploding rifle in his hand, was on the
extreme right; and the other, on the
left side, was falling, his arms thrown
up in a way that left no doubt as to
the human target his companion had
chosen. The murderer, whose calm
face harmonized with his cool firing,
was unquestionably the present pris-
oner, John Evans. The other was the
man who had been found dead with a
bullet in his forehead.

The first of the twelve jurors held
out his hand and took the photograph.
For a moment he gazed critically at
the bit of cardboard, then a grim look
of determined duty overspread his face
—a look which caused the attorney for
the State to lean comfortably back and
wreath his face in a contented smile.

One after another of the jury passed
the picture on to his neighbor, some
with pitying glances at the puzzled
prisoner, some with the loathing for
him clearly shown in their shrinking
countenances; but one and all with an
unmistakable verdict plainly written
on their persons.

A short half hour later the jury filed
back into the court room, and the fore-
man stood up.

"We find the prisoner guilty of murder
in the first degree, as charged,"
was all he said.

Wrapped in an outer covering of
heavy paper, the Governor one day re-
ceived an envelope bearing the inscrip-
tion, "To be sent to the Governor of
the State after my death."

Inside was a signed and duly attested
confession, which read,—
"In the late Evans murder trial I,
Robert Mourdoeff, gave false testimony
in regard to the killing of Andrew Cor-
don. In this confession, which shall be
read only after my death, I wish to
state that I was the murderer of An-
drew Cordon. The photograph dis-
played in court was an elaborate affair
which I made—skillfully, I congrat-
ulate myself—and it had no real value at
all.

"For years Cordon and I have been
enemies. I hated him and he hated me,
although to the world we were casual
friends. I murdered him on that fateful
Saturday, July 12th.

"How was it done? I'll tell you.

"During the past year many dealers
in photographic goods have offered for
sale a little article, under the name of
'multiplying attachment,' which en-
ables the operator of a camera to take
two pictures on the same plate.

"It is a small, round instrument to fit

over the lens, and as one side only has
a hole in it, but one-half of the pho-
tograph is taken at once. Then, by re-
volving the opening at the opposite
side, the other portion may be com-
pleted, with no dividing line where the
sections join.

"For instance, in my studio I have a
view of a house, with two young men
on the lawn. As a matter of fact, there
is but one man photographed twice, yet
most people pride themselves on recog-
nizing that the gentlemen are twins.

"Again, I have two deadly enemies
bowing politely to each other—seem-
ingly. I first persuaded one to have his
picture taken, and then, a few days
later, enticed the other to be pho-
tographed while bowing.

"Of course I took number one on one
portion of the film, and number two on
the other; but the effect is a continuous
photograph which engages both when
they see it.

"First begging your pardon for such a
lengthy explanation—which you will
grant to a man who will be dead when
you read this—I have determined to re-
veal the whole story.

"I deliberately planned and executed
the murder, and I can tell of the crime
in a very few words.

"On that day in July I left the studio,
taking with me a multiplying attach-
ment, and went to a place where I
knew both Evans and Cordon would
come during the afternoon.

"Evans was the first to arrive, and he
halted in front of my camera, as I ex-
pected (having set up a dead quail a
few yards away). Carefully aiming at
him, I fired—fired just as I snapped the
shutter into position; and half of my
photograph was completed.

"Cordon came soon after for a drink
at the little spring, and I went forth
to meet him. We quarreled; we always
did when we met; but to-day I gave in,
and he was elated—poor devil! By
some adroit maneuvering I placed him
in position, and told him to remain
there while I secured a view of the
scenery, with human life—a most need-
ed requisite of outdoor work—in it.

"He objected to doing a favor for me
at first, but finally consented in a surly
way to stand still for a second. Then I
went behind the bushes to my camera,
turned the multiplier, picked up my
rifle and shot him—killed him instan-
taneously, I think; and as he fell I exposed the
other half of my negative.

"The photograph was taken; on one
side Evans stood aiming a gun, on a
line with the rifle on the opposite side
was Cordon, falling dead. The thing
was complete to the smallest details.

"What a triumph for photography!
Art conquering truth!

"I need only to add that Evans pro-
posed to, and was accepted by, the
girl already engaged to me. I loved
her as I never loved before or since—
and it happened five years ago.

"You know how I felt; Evans had
ruined me; I must ruin him. But I no
longer feel the bitterness towards him
that I once did. I think he has suf-
fered enough already for the injury he
did me, and I think he should go free.

"I understand he is to be hanged next
month; and to-night I die by my own
hand, so there will be ample time to
save him.

"Once more I wish to say, John
Evans is innocent; I murdered Cordon.
I am going to have witnesses to my
signature, and after that—"

The Governor laid down the confes-
sion in horror. Owing to a change in
arrangements Evans had met death on
the scaffold the day before.—The Ar-
gony.

Narrow Quarters.

Mr. Spudkins had discovered the flat
while out house hunting, and he took
his wife to see it, confident that she
would reward his discovery with words
of commendation, because he had saved
her so much trouble in the search for a
home.

He was mistaken, as usual.
Mrs. Spudkins went through the di-
minutive rooms with critical eyes.

Then he expected her to discourse on
the lack of closet room.

Here again he was mistaken.

"Rooms are too small," she said.

"Easier to heat, my dear," Spudkins
ventured, "and they won't take so
much carpet."

Mrs. Spudkins went on, ignoring
these considerations.

"Why, there isn't room here to swing
a cat."

Hereupon Mr. Spudkins drew himself
up with dignity and said severely:

"Then, my dear, we shall be com-
pelled to seek some other, and let us
hope, a more refined form of exercise
than cat swinging."

But even this did not move her, and
they proceeded on the weary search for
more flats to criticize.—Pittsburg Com-
mercial-Gazette.

First Double-Decked English Ship.

The first double-decked ship built in
England was the Great Harry, con-
structed in 1509 by order of Henry VII.
It was 1,000 tons burden, and cost £14-
000, a sum worth more in those days
than £120,000 now. At that time 50 to
100 tons was the usual burden of mer-
chant ships. The Great Harry was
burned by accident.

The first invitation a girl receives
from a boy, starts the longing to have
a private writing desk of her own.

HER HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

She Rejoiced When the Horse Had
Kicked the Buggy to Pieces.

Some neighbors and friends of ours
had a horse called Alcade, says Horace
Vachell in his interesting description
of California life; and thereupon he
goes on to relate an incident in which
the horse played an important part.

Alcade was a most respectable horse,
but like all of us he had his failing;
he would flick his tail over the reins.
So one day my friend, when about to
take his wife out for a drive, tied down
Alcade's tail so tightly and securely
that not a wiggle was left in it.

Now, it happened that only that
morning my friend's wife had turned
on the water—water, you must under-
stand, is a very precious article on a
ranch in Southern California—and,
alas! she had neglected to turn it off.
So the water had flowed away; leaving
the family tank empty and cracking
beneath the ardent rays of the sun.

Conceive, if you can, the wrath of a
husband condemned by his wife's care-
lessness to pump many hundreds of
gallons of water! You may be sure
that he—was an Englishman—told his
unhappy wife that she had com-
mitted the unpardonable sin; and she,
poor soul, appreciating the magnitude
of her offense, held her peace—which
is remarkable because she was a
daughter of the West.

Perhaps the husband was sorry that
he had spoken so harshly, and thought
that a drive behind a fast trotter would
establish happier relations between the
two who should be one. Be that as it
may, after the drive was over he began
to unharness Alcade, his wife standing
by and talking to him.

The traces were unhooked, the
breaching-straps unbuckled, and then
Alcade was commanded to leave the
shafts; but Alcade, wise as Balaam's
ass, never stirred, for he knew that his
tail was still fast to the buggy. There-
upon my friend took the whip and ap-
plied it smartly to Alcade's hind quar-
ters.

Alcade, who had doubtless been nurs-
ing his wrongs all the afternoon, and
who saw his opportunity, as the law-
yers say, to show cause, retaliated by
kicking the buggy into a heap of kind-
ling-wood.

My friend's wife watched this per-
formance with interest, and when it
was over she turned to her husband
and said:

"My dear, after this I shall turn on
the water and let it run as often and
as long as I please."

CHILD ARMY CAPTAIN.

Son of Gen. Lawton Held That Rank in
Philippines.

The Kentucky State Guard numbers
among its members the youngest indi-
vidual the youngest individual that ever
donned shoulder

straps in the United States army or
who has been un-
der fire in battle.
This person is
Capt. Manley
Lawton, son of the
late Gen. H. W.
Lawton, who, al-
though only 13
years old, is the

bugler for the first battalion artillery,
Kentucky State Guard.

At the age of 11 years this boy was
on the firing line and under fire. He
went to the Philippines with his father
and served in various commands until
his father's death in December, 1899.

Soon after arriving he was assigned to
the position of volunteer aide on his
father's staff with the rank of captain.
He served faithfully and well, going
through the entire campaign, taking
part in all the expeditions, and endur-
ing the same hardships as the others of
the command.

Before starting on that long north-
ern expedition with his father to Luz-
on, the result of which meant so much,
he served for some time as an aide to
Gen. Fred Grant while the latter was
stationed at Bacor. Of all the relics
brought back from the Philippines,
says the Philadelphia Inquirer, the
most treasured by him are the official
papers showing his assignment and pro-
motions while serving in the volunteer
army of the United States.

Speculative Mathematics.
Two club-men were discussing the
financial affairs of some of their ac-
quaintances.

"Now there's Brown. He's been
speculating heavily in wheat. How has
he come out?"

"Away ahead."

"And there's Williams. He has dab-
bled extensively in oats. Has he made
anything?"

"He hasn't done as well as Brown
has, but Thompson—you know Thomp-
son?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Well, he's worth as much as Brown
and Williams put together."

"There you're wrong. I know Thomp-
son's circumstances exactly. He isn't
worth a cent."

"Just so. Brown is worth two hun-
dred thousand dollars, and Williams is
two hundred thousand dollars' worse
off than nothing. If you combine the
wealth of the two it amounts to noth-
ing, the same as Thompson's. Have
you forgotten 'mathematics'?"

HORSE TALK.

One reason why we have so many poor
horses in the market is that too many
farmers practice the toughening plan.
They put the colts in a bare dry past-
ure, with no shade or comfort, and when
they are pot-bellied and poor they are
being properly hardened.

Such colts are stunted in growth and
every bit of style and spirit is starved
out of them.

No amount of care and feed in after
life can ever fully retrieve the ruin
wrought by the first year or two of such
neglect.

The colt must be kept growing thrift-
ily from the start if you want a fine
horse.

Rough usage and neglect will never
make a hardy horse.

Some say that "feed is above breed,"
but we say, the game is lost without a
combination of the two.

Put screens in the windows and doors
to keep the flies out of the stables to ab-
sorb. It will save feed and flesh.

Use plenty of plaster around the sta-
bles to absorb the odors and ammonia.

One Wire for Many Messages.

Boulder (Col.)—Dr. William Duane,
professor of physics at the State Uni-
versity, has just been granted a patent
for an invention by which a large num-
ber of telegraph messages can be sent
over one wire and earth-return at the
same time. In the physical laboratory
at the University, it is said, he has as
many as eighteen circuits working on
the same wire and return, all at the
same time. On any of these circuits the
Morse instrument can be placed and used
exactly as with the single wire now in
use. Dr. Duane's invention is based on
the principle of the synchronizing mo-
tors.

A high roost, in an open shed which
faces the south, is better than a closed
house for grown turkeys.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice;

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store
in San Mateo County that

SELLS
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. **†† ††**

Wood and Coal. **†† †† ††**

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

good news

We have just received a
large shipment of the famous
Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most pop-
ular American whiskey in the
world.

It is a pure, old honest pro-
duct.

It is distilled from selected
grain.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

There is no pleasure in leading unless you have something to do.

Turn about is not considered fair play by the party in the treadmill.

If all the logs that have been lugged into the Schley case are accurate there can be no further doubt that truth is stranger than fiction.

After all, it is the old, old themes that interest us most. Senator Depew's description of his first kiss is about the best thing he ever did.

There are more men than women in this country, but what the latter lack in numbers they of course more than make up in excellence.

In point of maturity a horse 10 years old is said to be the equivalent of a man of 40. Both ought to have acquired good horse sense at that age.

One of the accomplishments Uncle Sam will look upon with pride is that of changing the city of Havana from a pest house to a health resort.

The dying Ameer called his children about him and wanted them to beware of Russia, which showed that he had not lived so long without learning a few things.

Henry Vignaux's investigation into Columbus' discovery of America has the earmarks of a court of inquiry. He alleges that Toscanelli's chart is bogus and his letter to Alfonso a fake.

"Household trade" is a better name than servant or domestic in a democratic country. In the household trades are the laundresses, cooks, housemaids, waiters and waitresses, chambermaids, dishwashers, etc.

A New Jersey pastor was so attentive to his wife during her illness that church affairs are said to have suffered thereby. So the members of the congregation refused to pay him his salary and he has been forced to resign.

A German professor has been figuring on the matter and finds that it takes a person a fourteenth of a second to wink. Now that this fact has been established will the professor still further demonstrate his usefulness to mankind by settling the question of the hen and a half, the egg and a half and the day and a half?

Look up. "There is nothing succeeds like success." There is another thing that approaches it, compel other people to believe you are successful. Many a man has redeemed and made a fortune by keeping a "stiff upper lip" before others. Always narrate your successes, tell where you have done well and keep your defeats strictly for home consumption.

The publisher of a recent American work of fiction comes forward with the further information that all the published copies of the book placed end to end would form a solid band 340,000 feet long. This leaves no room for doubt that the work is many miles ahead of anything else published in recent years, but with a knowledge of the cubic contents a much clearer idea of its merit would be obtainable.

There is a tendency to greater restriction in the practice of medicine. We have been so free in this country that we have become enamored, and justly, of the idea of a man doing pretty nearly as he pleases. But as our society has grown older, as cities have become larger and population denser we are beginning to see the need of greater protection against ignorant practitioners and quacks, because the general public cannot know things needed to protect itself.

Working for a living or in order to be independent makes women more self-reliant. They lose that clinging to and leaning upon the man which is so much admired in the home woman, and which so flatters the man's vanity that he is willing to carry the heaviest load that may be placed upon his shoulders. This independence and self-reliance is often taken by those who do not fully understand it as being an evidence of hardness and even manliness on the part of the woman. But in almost every instance the heart of the woman "will be found in the right place" and as warm and true as that of any of her sisters.

Almost a thousand years have passed since Erik the Red first sighted the southern extremity of Greenland. The northern limit of that vast archipelago was last year rounded by Lieut. Peary, who thus reached the most northerly land yet known. Of this feat, which Sir Clements Markham characterizes as second only in importance to reaching the pole, Peary writes in a recent letter: "Considering that I am an old man (he is only forty-five), with one broken leg and only three toes, I feel this was doing tolerably well." Truly, it takes a man of much performance to be modest!

Why is Theodore Roosevelt spoken of as the twenty-sixth President of the United States, when he is only the twenty-fifth man to hold that office? Obviously because some one thoughtlessly spoke of President Cleveland, whose two terms of office were disconnected, as the "twenty-second and

twenty-fourth President" of the United States. But in a list of men, not of terms of office, should Mr. Cleveland be assigned two numbers? It is more logical to call him the twenty-second President of the United States, since he was the same man in both terms, and accordingly to call Mr. Roosevelt the twenty-fifth President. He is filling out the twenty-ninth Presidential term.

The bogus jewelry clause in the entertaining official proclamation which prescribes what the lords and ladies are to wear at King Edward's coronation is especially humorous. We knew that all is not gold that glitters, but the information that titled dames parade themselves on state occasions decked in strings of bogus pearls and touched up with the flashings of glittering paste is quite too painful to be lightly believed. And yet what other construction can be placed upon the royal warning to flaunt no counterfeit gems in the king's presence? Luckily there is no embargo placed on any of the other forms of beauty's enhancement. Powder and paint and the elusive upholstering of the feminine form will pass current as heretofore.

There was a time when the tramp was a man out of work—rarely anything more. He was entitled to sympathy and aid. He was willing to work and took to the road because work was not to be found in the city or town he called home. In his heart was a desire that caused him to take root where work and living wages were to be found. He was a good citizen in hard luck—misnamed a tramp. Then came a class of men who had laziness in their bones. They found charm in a vagabond existence. They found the bread of idleness sweet. Work was a last resort. As idleness leads to crime, many of them became criminals. The men who were worth saving searched for work till they found it, or, if they are still on the highway that leads from ocean to ocean, they will keep on searching till they land where their stout muscles are needed. The others are a menace. They go South in winter and range the Northern and Eastern States in the summer. They are not looking for work. They are professional tramps, who boast of the number of trips they have made across the country. They migrate like birds, seeking only for sunshine, food and almost constant rest. What to do with them is a problem. How to separate the deserving from the professional is also a problem. The jail is only a temporary solution. It does not punish the tramp, for it carries with it bed and board and long hours of rest. The world owes to every man who is willing to work a chance to make himself a good citizen. To the professional tourist, the vagabond by nature and instinct, who only needs opportunity to become a direct enemy of society, it owes nothing, not even sympathy.

What poor financiers some men are! Take the case of a certain Western judge. His position paid \$5,500 a year. That is not a big salary, but it is a comfortable income. It will not provide for a steam yacht or a private car. A family man cannot splurge to any great extent on \$5,500 a year. But he can live well and better than the millions. He can surround himself with comforts and be happy simply by adjusting his expenses to make them fit within the income. But the Judge says "no." He has thrown up the place, and gives as a reason that he cannot live on the salary. There is an army of people who write "can not" for "will not." They do not try, and they wreck themselves on the altar known as "keeping up appearances." That means living a few notches faster than your finances warrant. It means spending money that you do not possess. It means debts, and duns, and worry—the kind of worry that makes men look hunted, that keeps them awake when they should be sleeping. It shortens life, causes unhappiness and gray hairs, and is bad because of its general effect on society, as well as on the individual. Another man—this time a young fellow—wants to be purged of his debts in a New York bankruptcy court. He couldn't live on his income either. He didn't try. He didn't care. This fashionable young man was willing that his creditors should suffer so long as he was not troubled, and the referee in his case reports that his bankruptcy is the result of "rarely equalled and almost incredible ignorance and neglect." The people who are willing to work, and who do not insist on having luxuries and comforts that they cannot pay for, rarely resign good positions or trouble the bankruptcy courts with their personal affairs.

Mission of the Slot Machine.
The dearth of half-penny pieces, or pieces valued at 2½ cents, in Holland, has caused a new class of merchant to spring into existence, namely, the half-penny merchant, writes an Amsterdam correspondent. The scarcity of the coin in question has been caused by the widespread employment of the automatic gas meter, into which the Dutch housewife puts her half-penny. In the Netherlands it is the largest copper coin made, hence the 2½-cent piece or half-penny is being used for the gas meters and automatic machines generally. The Dutch mint does nothing to ease the scarcity, with the result that slowly but surely the half-penny is disappearing from use among the general public. The dealers in these coins sell them at the rate of one penny premium for every twenty coins, or 10 per cent profit.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Don't tell your friend that you wish you had a million dollars to give him; invent a scheme to benefit him that will work.

A SONG OF DUTY.

Whate'er betide, man must toil on;
He may not pause too long to smile;
He must toil on with brain or brawn,
For life is such a little while.
When joy too strongly may beguile,
'Tis written, joy must be denied;
We may not pause too long to smile,
We must toil on, whate'er betide.

And when a sorrow comes to him
Man may not pause too long to weep,
Grief chastens, tasted at the brim,
But it destroys when quaffed too deep.
The onward march we still must keep
How'er the spirit may be tried,
We may not pause too long to weep,
We must toil on, whate'er betide.
—Washington Star.

THE BARBARIAN'S LESSONS.

WOULD you like to go rowing this afternoon, Miss Blake?"
"Am I to consider this an invitation, Mr. Farrell?"
"I meant it as such," returned the young man, with a puzzled look.
"I shall be pleased to go."
"Thank you. I will be at the wharf at 2 o'clock, and have the boat ready when you come."
Miss Blake laughed.
"Not at all, Mr. Farrell, you will call at my room, Parlor D, if you do not find me here on the piazza, and we will walk down to the wharf together."
The perplexed look on his face deepened.
"I suppose I haven't said things right, Miss Blake, but I thank you for promising to go, and I will call for you at 2."

His feelings as he walked away were hard to analyze—a man doesn't like to be laughed at even by the girl he admires.

"Why can't they take the will for the deed?" he muttered, discontentedly. "I thought I was extra polite. It's a wonder I didn't shout: 'Come on, Blanche; let's go rowing,' and he laughed aloud, imagining the consternation of stately Miss Blake at such a mode of address.

Meanwhile that lady was saying to her aunt: "What a barbarian he is! Some one should give him lessons in etiquette."

As they floated over the placid waters of the beautiful lake, he said suddenly:

"Miss Blake, I fear I am a rough sort of a fellow, not in any way one might call polished. When a fortune unexpectedly came to me two years ago, I went to school, and I've spent nearly every minute in hard study. There were no girls in the school; I've really never been acquainted with any—girls are scarce in Arizona."

"There are many things I would like to learn. Will you tell me what was wrong in my way of asking you to go rowing?"

"There was nothing wrong, Mr. Farrell, and it was very discourteous in me to make you feel that there was."

"Don't evade my question, Miss Blake; it would be kinder to tell me the truth."

"Believe me, Mr. Farrell, I should never spoken as I did had I known what you have just told me. I thought that you expressed your invitation in that way because you thought that with your wealth any one would be elated at the opportunity to go with you."

"Please tell me a better way."

"It may seem capricious to you, Mr. Farrell, but you said: 'Would you like to go?' Now, a woman likes to believe that her acceptance will be a favor."

"Oh," comprehendingly, "thank you. Now, Miss Blake, will you do me the favor to permit me to act as your escort to the dance, Wednesday night?"

"That is excellent, Mr. Farrell."

"I await your answer, Miss Blake."

"No, this is 'de real thing'."

"It gives me pleasure to accept your escort, Mr. Farrell. Now, do you realize the responsibilities and the privileges of your position?"

"Yes," promptly, "I am to call for you; dance with you all the evening, take you back to Parlor D, and," anxiously, "do I go in?"

"Certainly not. And you do not dance with me all the evening. Certain dances are yours by right of escort. Unless you are a good dancer, those are all you will have with me."

Farrell gazed at her dismayed.

"And you must not forget to send flowers in the afternoon."

"I'll send a barrel full," eagerly.

"No, just a few. I like carnations and I like violets."

"Thank you."

"You are permitted also to call the next afternoon."

His face brightened. "Thank you. Is this by right of escort or because you'd like—because you wish to honor me by allowing me to come?"

She laughed enjoyingly.

"For both of those reasons, and because I shall be glad to see you."

"And so you go to-morrow, Mr. Farrell? It seems but a short time since you came."

"It is six weeks. I had intended to stay but three. I shall not forget your kindness, Miss Blake—your efforts to teach good manners to the barbarian."

She blushed as she recalled the word, and an unwonted feeling of diffidence possessed her. The stately Miss Blake, with a record of five brilliant seasons of bellehood to her credit, was confused and agitated. What had the barbarian taught her? No witty repartee came to her rescue, and she awkwardly stammered: "You have been an apt pupil."

"Thank you; I have tried to profit by your instructions. I think," tentatively,



FEW people know that in California at all hours of the day and night a force of government policemen is on duty, walking regular beats in the heart of the mountain forest as they would in a populous city, making occasional arrests and regular reports to headquarters, quite in the style of the modern policeman. In many cases these beats are so isolated and lonesome that the policeman does not see a soul for weeks save the men of the adjoining beats. But it is not to preserve order that the national government employs this force and pays it, but to guard against forest fires, which have yearly been increasing in number and destructiveness. Millions of feet of valuable timber are burned every year as the result of the carelessness of hunting parties in leaving camp fire embers behind them. Drouth has followed drouth until the whole Sierra Madre country seems likely to burn up, and not only is there an immense loss in standing timber, but the removal of the trees allows the springs and creeks which feed the rivers to dry up, the winter snows are not conserved for irrigation and the effect is felt hundreds of miles away.

The government has endeavored for many years to control these destructive forest fires, but during the fall of 1899 and 1900 the situation became so alarming that it took up the matter much more energetically and systematically than ever before. The ranges are now subdivided into smaller districts than formerly, and each district

ly, "I think I might almost venture to ask a lady to marry me."

Her momentary agitation had passed, and she was again the calm, self-contained Miss Blake.

"Assuredly you might, but don't begin, 'Would you like—'"

"How would this do—Miss Blake, will you do me the honor to become my wife?"

"That might do, but it is a trifle stilted for that particular question. The more simple and direct a man's words on such an occasion the better. I might also suggest a little more warmth of manner."

"Thank you. Blanche, dear, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Very good. Now, perhaps, we would better go back to the hotel. I see my aunt sitting on the piazza."

"She may continue to sit there. This is no rehearsal, Blanche. I am in earnest; I want my answer."

"Wait a minute; I am going to say 'yes,' but," speaking hurriedly, "in heaven's name don't you say 'Thank you.'"

BUSINESSLIKE EPHRAIM.

There Was Not Much Romance in His Proposal of Marriage.

"No, there wasn't much romance about Ephraim," said the postmaster, stroking his beard thoughtfully. Ephraim had been the great man of the town, and his death, the day before, had called out reminiscences to which the postmaster seemed anxious to contribute. "I don't s'pose if you'd b'iled Ephraim or put him under the stone-breaker you could have drawn a tear out of him. Never saw him laugh. Likely enough he never kissed his wife or one of his children."

"And yet he wasn't a mean man or a hard man. I callate he often laughed and cried inside, but 'twasn't his way to show it. And he was a natural-born business man, up and down, top to toe, and that partly accounts for it, too."

"D'y'e ever hear how he pupposed to Aunt Eleanor, his wife? Happens I know, because she and my wife was cousins, and the percedd'n tickled Eleanor so't she had to tell of it."

"Ephraim wasn't ever a talkative feller, and he didn't go round much with th' other young folks. Jest stayed home and 'tended to his knittin' work, as it ware, but he was well thought of by everybody, and Eleanor and her pa and ma always made him welcome."

"So he come in sort o' casual, one p'tic'lar Sat'day night, and set around as usual, puttin' in a word now and then, till Eleanor's pa went out to see to a sick cow he had, and Eleanor's ma started off up chamber somewehers. And then Ephraim speaks up all to once, and he says:

"'I'd kind o' like to marry you, Eleanor,' says he."

"'Sho!' says she. 'Would ye?' She was dumfounded, and couldn't think of anything else to say."

"'Yes, I would,' says he. He never moved out of his chair, but he looked her right square in the eye, reel friendly. 'I've got a place o' my own, ye know,—rented, but I can take it back 'most any time,—and two hundred and fifty dollars out on intrust, and enough besides to stock the place. I make ye an offer,' he says, 'and I'll hold it open for ye till next Sat'day night.'"

"Eleanor was starin' at him all the time, mind ye, with her mouth open. And before she could get any words to put into it, 'It's time I was gettin' along home,' Ephraim says, 'so I'll bid ye good night, Eleanor.'"

"Well, that was all there was to it. First off, Eleanor was mad at his makin' an offer so-fashion, and leavin' it open jest sech a time, 's though he'd been dickerin' for a yoke of steers. But when she come to think it over she realized it was only Ephraim's way, and

DOWNFALL OF AN EXPERT.

Sad Awakening of a Lady Who Knew All About Raising Children.

Now, behold, there came a time in the land when all the women belonged unto clubs;

And every club was devoted unto the solving of problems which were better tackled single-handed, or might as well have been left alone in the first place.

And great was the sale of encyclopedias, for all the women had to write papers about things of which they had never heard.

Verily, they asked more questions than a conundrum social.

Now, it came to pass that certain of the women of the land said one to another:

"'Let us have a mothers' convention.'"

And the others answered with one voice: "'Won't that be cute? Let's.'"

And it was so.

Now, when they had gathered in the place of the convention, there arose one among them with a paper.

And the heading of the paper was: "The Only Real Tip on the Correct Mode of Raising Children."

And the woman who had the paper was a maiden of uncertain age, if you took her word for it.

But, verily, if you took a look at her, there was neither uncertainty nor doubt in thy mind.

And she read from the paper, and told them all about it, even all.

So that, when she had finished, one among them rose up and said:

"Behold, there is nothing more to be said or to be written. Let us go hence and go to the mark-down sales and the places of the soda fountains."

So they all departed, and the woman who had read the paper awoke the next morning to find her picture in the dailies.

For she had sent it unto the men that are called editors.

Now, it also came to pass that this woman had a sister, who was married, and who furthermore had four children.

And the married one was going away for a journey and would fain leave the children at home.

So she called unto her maiden sister, saying:

"If it seemeth fair in thy sight, it would be real nice of you to take care of the little darlings while I am away."

And the sister smiled a glad smile and vowed that she would be happy to do it.

And when she took charge of the children she took also with her the paper that she had read.

Behold, in two minutes the first paragraph thereof was rendered null and void.

For the children yielded not unto her singing, nor would they sit themselves still and listen unto the stories which she had advised being told unto them.

When she sought to inculcate good principles by means of a tale of noble actions, she was asked to "Cut it out."

When she suggested that the children play the game that is called "Ring Around a Rosey," she was asked to go back to the woods.

When she sought to tempt them with "Puss in the Corner" she was urged to get an alarm clock and come to herself, for she was in an apparent slumber.

When she tried moral suasion upon them they continued to eat from the jam jar and to wipe their fingers upon the lace curtains.

When she endeavored to get them to desist from their ways, which she called "naughty," they beseeched her to go and get a reputation.

And she took the paper that she had read unto the convention, and tore it into fragments.

And threw the fragments into the street.

And she went out into the yard and selected some long, vigorous switches from a peach tree which grew there.

Behold, when the mother returned unto her home she found her children eating from off the mantelpiece and behaving with much obedience.

While the maiden aunt sat in the midst of them with a gad in her hand and a grim look in her eyes.

Now, there is a large and valuable moral attached to this tale, which the same is:

It is Always Easy to Raise Other People's Children, Until You Try to Do the Trick.—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

Expanded Neck and Broke Rope.

It was on the bank of the Ganges, near Lucknow. I had turned in early, exhausted by the heat of an Indian summer day, and was soon fast asleep. Suddenly I awoke. In vain I sought to pierce the gloom. A damp, clammy finger pressed my forehead. I raised my head, only, oh, horror! to have it seized in the noose of the professional strangler, or thug, who abounds in that part of India.

One more superhuman effort! By enlarging the muscles of my neck I might, perhaps, break the silken rope. I twisted my face to one side. A snap! My neck felt broken.

When the cord was at its tautest I must, with the extra strain, have snapped it, and disappointed the strangler—whom, I found, had decamped with all my money.—Answers.

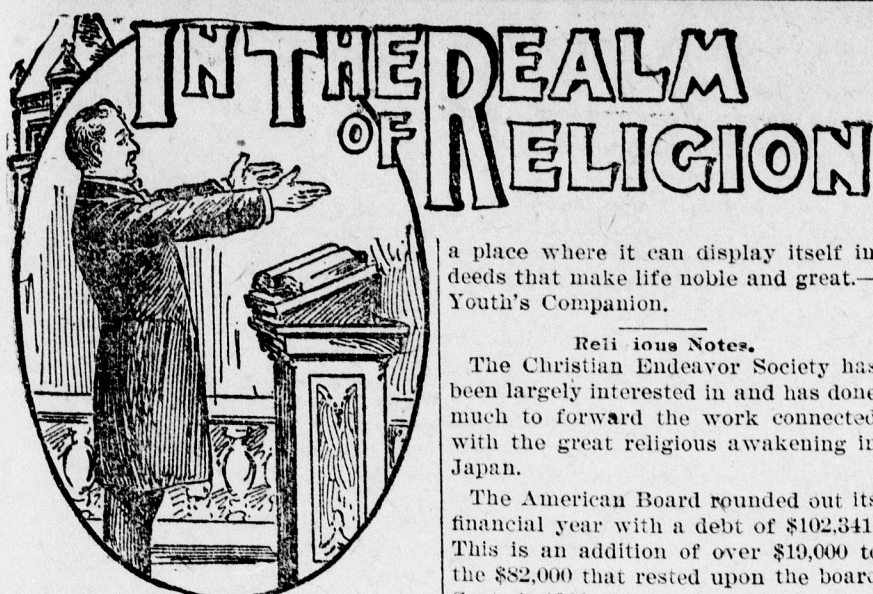
Overheard in the Jungle.

"The laughing hyena seems to find something funny in everything."

"Yes, but for a cheerful spirit, commend me to the giraffe. See how one smile goes with him."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

If women didn't know how men hate to see them cry they wouldn't do it so often.

For every historical fact there are two or more historical falsehoods.



On the Other Side of Jordan.
He had one song in meetin', an' he sung
it long an' loud,
Till the brotherin' caught the chorus, an'
it stirred the singin' crowd,
Went risin' o'er the rafters an' reachin'
for the sky—
"On the other side of Jordan by an' by
by an' by!"

Rest of us loved "Campmeetin'," an' o'
"Anazin' Grace."
An' "I kin read my titles clear" war'n't
never out o' place;
But jest ask him to raise a tune—he'd
make his farr't fly—
"On the other side of Jordan by an' by,
by an' by!"

'Peared like, of all the brotherin' in them
o' singin' ranks
He wuz the only one that stood on Jordan's
stony banks;
An' we knowed he seen the fields o' green
—the mansions in the sky
"On the other side of Jordan by an' by,
by an' by!"

There was lots o' comfort in it—the cross-
in Jordan stream
To the happy lan' o' Canaan that we see
as in a dream;
Oh, sorrow'll soon be over—the sun will
light the sky
"On the other side of Jordan by an' by,
by an' by!"

One day we missed his presence from out
the singin' throng,
But, thinkin' o' him, tearful, we still kept
up his song;
An' we know that we will meet him
where no tears drop dim the eye
"On the other side of Jordan by an' by,
by an' by!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Dull Student's Success.
Forty years ago a young man entered
a theological seminary to prepare for
the ministry. He had received inade-
quate preparation, and was an unusu-
ally dull student, besides. The dates
of church history mixed themselves in
his mind, and the Greek verb drove him
into helpless failure. Before the year
was out the professors had agreed that
his case was hopeless; yet they let him
stay on to its end, because they dis-
liked to dismiss a man so evidently in
earnest.

The students scattered for the sum-
mer, engaging for the most part in re-
ligious work where opportunity afford-
ed. No church could be found that
would take Fisher; yet he went out
from the seminary, and for a time was
lost to sight.

The summer drew to a close, and the
professors were planning for the fall
term. It would be useless, they agreed,
to let Fisher come back. His last year,
they hoped, had demonstrated, even to
him, the hopelessness of his attempt
to gain education. Still, lest he should
return, and incur expense in coming,
the professor of homiletics was in-
structed to write him that the faculty
could not advise his continuing a course
of theological study.

The professor of homiletics went
home, liking little his task, but pre-
pared to do his duty; but at home he
found a letter from Fisher, announcing
that he was about to return. The letter
has not been preserved, but it contained
something like this account of his
summer:

"I came to this place, where the fam-
ilies are few and poor and scattered
and godless, and began preaching in
the schoolhouse, where for a long time
there had been no worship. I have
lived around among the people, and
they have made me welcome in their
homes. I organized a Sunday school
and helped to settle an old quarrel, and
then the people began to come out.

"The interest grew, the number of
hearers increased, and now thirty men
and women have repented of their past
lives, and are going to organize a little
church. They want me to come back
every Sunday, and I have promised to
do so. I shall return to the seminary
next week, and plod along the best I
can. I am afraid I shall never make
much of a minister, but I want to make
my life count the most it can for God."

"Gentlemen," asked the professor of
homiletics the next day, as he address-
ed the faculty, "which of us, this sum-
mer, has been honored of God in lead-
ing thirty souls to Christ and founding
a church? We must take him back!"
It would be idle to pretend that he
ever became a brilliant student. It was
only by the most constant patience that
he was permitted to stay two years
more, passing certain studies which he
could never complete. But they let him
stay through. He went out to his chosen
toil, in needy fields and small
churches that could pay no high sala-
ries and devoted thirty-eight years to
ministerial service. Always poor, never
great except in kindness, he did his
work; and when his obituary was read
at the seminary's last reunion, he was
spoken of as "one of the most conspicu-
ously useful of the alumni."

Education counts and intellectual
acuteness is of value, but the Christ-
like spirit, coming not to be ministered
unto but to minister, will always find

HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, the Most Delight-
ful Old Lady of the Stage.

A recent theatrical feature was the
celebration, at St. Louis, of the eighti-
eth birthday of Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, the
most delightful old lady of the stage.
Mrs. Gilbert has been on the stage for
sixty-eight years, having made her first
appearance in the Ballet School of Her
Majesty in London at the Haymarket in
1835, and she is still in excellent
health and uncomplaining. Time has
dealt gently with her, as her powers
of endurance are remarkable. She has
outlived the manager—Daley—who
once called her "Grandma," with whom
she was from 1839 until his death in
1899. Then it was that Frohman sent
for her, and she says she felt like she

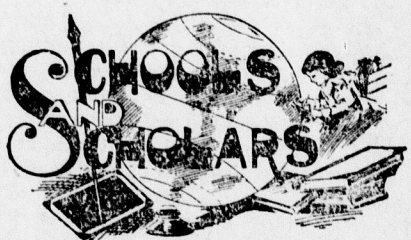


MRS. ANNIE HARTLEY GILBERT.

was beginning life all over again, leav-
ing the almost life-long old friends for
a horde of new faces.

Mrs. Gilbert was a dancing girl for
years and years, and to this she attrib-
utes her buoyancy in old age. She
claims her first real hit was in "Drom-
ajah" in a little dance which she intro-
duced on the impulse of the moment as
she was skipping from the stage, at the
end of the scene. It caught the audi-
ence's fancy, and from that time on her
dance became a feature.

She came to America in 1849, and in
her time she supported Edwin Forrest,
John Brougham, and was for a long
time one of Daly's "Big Four." The
others being Ada Rehan, James Lewis
and John Drew. She played for years in
Daly's New York theater, in stock com-
panies, taking parts with Agnes Ethel
in "Frou Frou," then with Clara Morris
in "Man and Wife," and with Fanny
Davenport in her plays.



Any young man who wishes to ob-
tain an education at the Missouri State
University need not be deterred be-
cause of lack of funds, because the
Young Men's Christian Association has
made it possible for every student who
desires to obtain work. This society
has maintained an employment bureau
for the last three years, and very suc-
cessfully. At the beginning of the year
a list of the places where work can be
secured is posted, and every effort to
assist young men to help themselves is
made. The kinds of work which stu-
dents can do are many, among them
carpentering, painting, gardening,
printing, type writing, bookkeeping,
janitor work, furniture moving, clean-
ing, wood sawing, repairing, ditching,
harvesting and so on.

Hon. Martin G. Brumbaugh, United
States Commissioner of Education for
Porto Rico, says in his annual report:
Almost every school on the island has
an American flag. One hundred and
eighty were recently presented by the
Lafayette post, G. A. R., of New York
City. These now float over the new
schools opened in October last. The pa-
triotic philanthropy of this post is
worthy of all commendation. In almost
every city of the island and at many
rural schools the children meet and sa-
lute the flag as it is flung to the breeze.
The raising of the flag is the signal
that school has commenced, and the
flag floats during the entire session.
The pupils then sing "America," "Hail,
Columbia," "Star-Spangled Banner,"
and other patriotic songs. The marvel
is that they sing them in English. The
first English that many of them know
is the English of our national songs.

A Chance for Eligible Men.
Eligible young men are badly want-
ed at the ancient City of St. Denis,
says the Paris Messenger. The fact is
there is quite a nice little dowry for
any poor but virtuous maiden who can
pass the best in the competition for
the time-honored position of Risiere.
Two hundred and fifty years ago a
worthy Benedictine friar bequeathed
a considerable sum to found a fund
for the purpose of helping poor but
honest girls to marry, and this fund
has gone on accumulating year by
year. The difficulty is now to find
"flances" for the suitable girls. It ap-
pears that the municipal folk who ad-
minister the fund maintain that the
young man must be "booked" before
the competition, whereas it appears
that the donor's intention was quite
otherwise. The money was meant to
tempt flances after the choice of the
Risiere by the judges.

This constitutes a deadlock, and
something will have to be done. It is
very unlikely that the young men will
be found who will tie themselves to a
maid on the mere chance of her pass-
ing, and while folk wrangle about the
worthy donor's intentions, St. Denis
goes without its Risiere.

The Main Point.
He—I am afraid my religious views
are not the same as yours, dear.
She—That need not necessarily make
any difference. We both belong to the
same golf club.—Life.

DOINGS OF WOMEN

SECRET OF MARRIED HAPPINESS

HAPPINESS in married life is to
be gained, just as enduring hap-
piness in any other phase of ex-
istence on earth is to be found—by the
use of the old-fashioned virtues of un-
selfishness, consideration for others,
politeness and kindness, all based on
love and capped by common sense.

Like the old recipe for cooking the
hare which begins, "First catch your
hare," a happy marriage for a woman
begins with "First select a man." Not
an ideal-made seraph—not an ossified
brain, not a mere animal, but a man
capable of loving and appreciating a
woman's love.

Of course, he will be more or less
selfish. That is the way parents rear
their sons to be. It is your task to
bear with this selfishness at first un-
til you can tactfully teach him how
beautiful is thoughtfulness for others,
and in a very sweet but very dignified
way show him that you expect the
same treatment you give, says Ella
Wheeler Wilcox.

In the meantime you must recollect
that a husband can always, at every
approach, be the Prince Charming to
anchor the enchanted princess with
his first kiss if he is skilled enough in
love's arts and refined enough to wish
to keep the interesting role.

And in all love's ways man is much
given to following woman's lead.
If you have no independent income
of your own, have an understanding
in your honeymoon with regard to
money matters. Ask for an allowance
to be set apart for your use, in order
that no humiliating and indelicate dis-
cussions need ever occur between you
on this subject. Then study to be
economical and thrifty—wise in your
use of your allowance.

Love, sense and patience. These are
the three important elements neces-
sary to happiness in marriage.

Says \$300 is enough.
Mrs. Roosevelt, discussing the mo-
mentous question of the toilet with a
friend, remarked that any woman who
displayed common sense could be well
dressed on \$300. The mistress of the
White House further explained that
hitherto she had never spent that a
year, but she supposed that a greater
outlay would now be necessary. Mrs.
Roosevelt said that her plan has been
to buy three gowns a year, and to get
the best of material and to employ the



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

best artists. These gowns are a street
dress of cloth, usually of tailor-made
effect, an evening gown and a gown
which could be used on all occasions in
the house. Every season this thrifty
housewife had her attire remodeled,
and by this program she had always
a complete wardrobe of up-to-date cos-
tumes.

Mrs. Roosevelt believes in purchasing
the very best of everything. Her chil-
dren wear sailor hats, but she pays \$5
apiece for them, and they last for
years. The first lady of the land laugh-
ingly explained that the sailor which
Archibald is now wearing adorned the
head of Kermit for three summers.

How Not to Wear Shirts.
But speaking of backs and shirt-
waists, have you noticed how miser-
ably many women wear theirs at the
rear? "Married backs," one clever girl
calls these rumpled, blousy, carelessly
adjusted clothes, and though it may be
crude to connect wedded bliss with un-
tidiness, it is nevertheless a fact that
the wedding ring often accompanies
them. And wherefor? Are there no
little sons to dress for, no small daugh-
ters to be instructed in the importance
of details? It almost looks as if what
the world says of us is true—a husband
once captured, nothing else counts. Pile
on ye, careless matrons! Dress is a
power not to be despised, and if you
only knew how hubby looks at other
well-dressed backs you would perk up
a bit.

One Cause of Poor Teeth.
At the annual meeting of the British
Dental Association, says the London
Chronicle, Thomas G. Reed read a pa-
per on "Some Chemical Changes in the
Mouth During Mastication of Bread
Composed of Roller Flour," and con-
tended that the increase in dental
cases during the last forty years was
due to roller milling having largely
replaced stone milling, and argued
that modern bread itself directly
caused the destruction of tooth tissue,

as there was a greater amount of acid
generated in the mouth during the
mastication of bread composed of stone
milled flour than when composed of stone
milled. It appeared that wherever the
roller mill was in operation carious
teeth were found, instead of the sound
ones of the days of the stone mill.

It was found on testing for acid that
the roller flour bread bolus was much
more acid than the other. Hugh Can-
dy, chemist to the London hospital,
having tested both kinds of bread, re-
ported that he found in the case of the
bread composed of stone-milled flour
that the acidity remained stationary,
whereas in the case of bread com-
posed of roller flour mastication ap-
peared to promote an increase of 43
per cent in the acidity. Dentistry, says
Mr. Reed, was a liberal profession, and
besides correcting the ravages of den-
tal caries, it was their duty to endeav-
or to prevent dental caries occurring.

What Do You Talk About?

Don't talk about your troubles, above
all, any ill-health or sickness. Nothing
is so tiresome to hear as to hear long
tales of illness and sufferings, unless it
be to hear those afflictions. You deep-
en, strengthen and prolong the effects
of sickness by dwelling upon it in
thought and speech. You can hasten
your recovery by enjoying your return
to health and showing your delight in
it, and that is the only way you should
allow yourself to remind others of the
ills you have endured. Never speak of
strictly family affairs, and especially
be careful not to allow yourself, under
any provocation, to criticize any mem-
ber of your own family in conversa-
tion with even your dearest friend,
writes Ada C. Sweet in the Woman's
Home Companion. And avoid too much
talk of every kind about your own near-
est of kin. You are naturally deeply
interested in your brother's college ex-
periences or your sister's coming-out
party, but it is all rather colorless to
people outside of your own house.

There is nothing more becoming to a
girl than a womanly reserve about her
personal and family affairs. Beware
of going into details in conversation
upon such subjects. They are tiresome
to any thinking person who has to lis-
ten.

Colors to Choose.

Black satin intensifies the effect of
round shoulders.

Brown eyes and a brown dress go
well together.

The tau shades are not often suitable
for slim figures.

Blue-eyed girls should wear blue as
often as possible.

A small toque is exquisitely unbecom-
ing above a large, round face.

The color of the eyes should deter-
mine the choice of the dress and millie-
ry.

A blonde may wear pure white with
advantage, but the brunette nearly al-
ways looks better in cream-colored fab-
rics.

Dull black is the best choice for a
fair-haired woman, while a brunette
must order something brilliantly black
if she really wishes to look her best.

Tucks and stripes running downward
become the Juno type of woman, but
the thin, angular beauty should have
the stripes and tucks running round
her dress, and she will be surprised to
find how much her appearance will be
improved.

To Develop the Neck.

The first movement consists in allow-
ing the head to drop gently upon the
breast, as far forward as it will with-
out straining. Now raise the head and
throw it as far back as possible. Then
forward again, etc., until the movement
has been performed twenty times. Next
the head is turned as far to the side
as possible, the body remaining motion-
less, the head bent toward the shoulder
as low as it will reach without an ac-
tual strain of the muscles and tendons.
This movement should be practiced
also twenty times, the neck first turned
to the right and then to the left,
ten times on each side. The same
movement with the chin raised as high
as possible, repeated in the same fash-
ion, first toward the right, then the
left.

A New Sofa Cushion.

One of the prettiest of the new de-
signs shown in sofa cushions is round,
instead of the familiar square shape.
The design is wild clematis on a sage
green art duck, the flowers being in the
pink ribbon work. But the pretty fea-
ture is the finish on the edge. This is a
full puffing of a pale pink silk, the
puffs caught down at regular intervals
till they look like lovely full-blown
roses. Around the edge of the cushion
proper is an applique of leaves that ex-
tend here and there over the silk puff-
ing. It is a dainty bit of needlework
and a departure from the sofa cushions
seen on all sides.

To Clean Light Rugs.

Rugs with white or very light
grounds may be cleaned by sprinkling
with cornstarch mixed with one-sixth
its bulk of prepared chalk. Let the
starch remain several hours and brush
it out with a fine whiskbroom, then
hang it in the sun and beat well before
putting down. This method is recom-
mended for fine silk rugs, as it injures
neither tint nor texture, and makes a
beautiful, clean surface.

500,000 WOMEN

Have been restored to health
by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound. Their let-
ters are on file and prove this
statement to be a fact, not a
mere boast. When a medi-
cine has been successful in
curing so many women, you
cannot well say without try-
ing it—"I do not believe it
will help me."



PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound

Is a positive cure for all those painful

Ailments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of
Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles,
Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and
Displacements of the Womb, and consequent
Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted
to the Change of Life.

Your medicine cured me of ter-
rible female illness.
MRS. M. E. MULLER,
1A Concord Sq., Boston, Mass.

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Backache and
Leucorrhoea than any other remedy the
world has ever known. It is almost infallible
in such cases. It dissolves and expels
tumors from the uterus in an early stage
of development, and checks any tendency
to cancerous humors.

Your Vegetable Compound re-
moved a fibroid tumor from my
womb after doctors failed to give
relief.
MRS. B. A. LOWMAN,
Westdale, Mass.

Bearing-down Feeling.

Womb troubles, causing pain, weight, and
backache, instantly relieved and perma-
nently cured by its use. Under all circum-
stances it acts in harmony with the laws
that govern the female system, and is as
harmless as water.

Backache left me after taking
the second bottle. Your medicine
cured me when doctors failed.
MRS. SARAH HOLSTEN,
8 Davis Block, Gorham St., Lowell, Mass.

Irregularity.

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weak-
ness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating,
Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache,
General Debility.

It is a grand medicine. I am
thankful for the good it has done
me.
MRS. J. W. JAMES,
76 Carolina Ave.,
Jamaica Plain (Boston), Mass.

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and
"want to be left alone" feeling, excitability,
irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness,
fatiguability, melancholy, or the "blues," and
backache. These are sure indications of
Female Weakness, some derangement of the
uterus.

I was troubled with Dizziness,
Headaches, Faintness, Swelling
Limbs. Your medicine cured me.
MRS. SARAH E. BAKER,
Bucksport, Me.

The whole story, however, is told in an
illustrated book which goes with each bot-
tle. The most complete treatise on female
complaints ever published.

For eight years I suffered with
womb trouble, and was entirely
cured by Mrs. Pinkham's medicine.
MRS. L. L. TOWNE,
Littleton, N. H.

Kidney Complaints

and Backache of either sex the Vegetable
Compound always cures.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
Liver Pills cure
Constipation,
Stomachache, 25c.

You can address in strictest confidence,
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

The crust of society is not often softened by
the milk of human kindness.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 15.—A medical author-
ity says: "In many families throughout the
world Garfield Tea often takes the place of the
family physician, for practically everyone suf-
fers at times from disorders of the stomach, liver,
kidneys or bowels. Certainly, from no other
medicine can such good results be obtained.
This herb remedy makes people well, thus
greatly increasing their capacity for enjoying
life. It is good for young and old."

Many a young fellow thinks himself the
cream of society when he is nothing but a
milk-sop.

Properly preparing the seedbed for the
reception of the seed for every farm crop
is of the utmost importance. When a
drill is used the ground should be pre-
pared in advance. Where seed is broad-
casted an extra harrowing or rolling will
be time well spent. With a common har-
row twelve acres is not a hard day's
work for one team, and in most cases the
increase in crop would give you at least
\$5 for the day's work. This is very good
pay.

IN WET WEATHER A WISE MAN WEARS TOWER'S



FISH BRAND
OIL
WATERPROOF
CLOTHING

WILL KEEP YOU DRY NOTHING ELSE WILL
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS MADE BY
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 46

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

The government of the United States has landed a force of marines to protect and keep open the line of railway across the isthmus of Panama. When we have built the Nicaragua canal the isthmus railroad will amount to enough to require protection.

The new Hay-Pauncefote treaty wipes out the old Clayton-Bulwer incumbrance and clears the way for the construction of an all-American isthmian canal. The ratification of the treaty is considered certain. The Nicaragua canal bill should pass without delay.

The new type of torpedo boat known as the Holland has shown its ability to remain submerged for fifteen hours without inconvenience to its crew. If the new boat is as good at firing destructive torpedoes as it is at diving it will not take it long to make the battleship a back number.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Christmas Ladies' Home Journal is the largest number of that popular magazine ever issued, and the quality seems in keeping with the quantity. It opens with an account of "The People Who Help Santa Claus," after which comes a sweet story by Elizabeth McCracken, entitled "The Baby Behind the Curtain." John Fox Jr., the clever Kentuckian, contributes a short story, and the Journal's new serial of the Western metropolis, "The Russell in Chicago," is begun. Rudyard Kipling tells amusingly "How the First Letter was Written," and Elliott Flower has a laughable sketch, "The Linfield's Christmas Dinner." The Journal's two romances, "Christine" and "A Gentleman of the Blue Grass," are given their second and third installments respectively, and the library of the "Bradley House" is shown. Mr. Bok's editorial takes the form of a personal and somewhat confidential chat with his readers. There are also a children's Christmas play by Ednah Proctor Clarke, some touching stories of "The Other Side of the Town," by the Rev. David M. Steele, and an interesting account of the Sicilian Madonna done in needlework. The various departments are unusually strong, and the whole magazine is full of the Christmas spirit. A noteworthy feature, pictorially, is the double page of college girls, on which are shown groups of college girls from nearly every girl's school of note in the country. This is only the first in a "picture story" of one hundred photographs, which will show "What a Girl Does at College." The cover design is a beautiful piece of work by Thomas Mitchell Pierce. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

His First Business Venture.
An American capitalist who has made a fortune running far into the millions likes to tell a story of his first business venture and how he succeeded the local grocer. At this time he was fond of frequenting a public saleroom near his home where all sorts of bargains were offered.

One day I noticed several boxes of soap of a certain brand which I had often been sent to buy at the corner grocery. I thought to myself, "That will go cheap," so I ran to the grocery and received a promise from the man in charge to buy as much of the soap at a certain figure as I could furnish. Of course he never suspected that I could furnish any of it.

I returned to the saleroom, and when the soap was put up I bid it in, and it was knocked down to me. My name was demanded, and when I gave it in a shrill voice everybody laughed, for I was then only eleven years of age.

Amused as they were at the sale, the bystanders were amazed when I bid in the whole lot of twenty-two boxes. I had them carried over to the grocery and received the price agreed upon. The grocer wore a weary look when he heard how I had obtained the soap. He said:

"Well, I guess I could have done that myself."

I replied that I guessed he could, too, but he hadn't.—Youth's Companion.

Dealing in Futures.

Mr. Newed—I have an option on that Blank avenue house. How would you like it for our home, my dear?

Mrs. Newed—Oh, it's a pretty place, but you know it is said to be haunted. Mamma says she wouldn't set her foot inside the door for any amount of money.

Mr. Newed—That settles it. I'll close the deal for it the first thing in the morning.—Chicago News.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this country required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago. 3-14-02

Learning the Game.

When that great plainsman J. B. Hickok, better known as "Wild Bill," came east on what he called a "red-hot trail" to learn something, he stopped one Saturday night at a hotel in Portland, Me.

When he went to his room to seek rest, he found that the adjoining room was occupied by a company of fashionable and rich young sports of Portland who, it did not take him long to discover, were playing an interesting game of poker for high stakes. In vain did he try to sleep. He could not do so, and after an hour arose, dressed himself and knocked on the door.

Instantly all was silent; but he inquired politely that as they would not let him sleep would they let him come in and watch the game?

They did so and were impressed with the appearance of the man and asked if he would join them.

"I will if you will post me; but, you know, I'm a tenderfoot east," he replied.

They were willing to "post" him, and, playing awkwardly, making blunders and asking questions, but seemingly greatly interested, he continued to play until daylight, when he put his winnings, some \$1,500, in his pocket. "I thank you, gentlemen," he said, "and I'm rather glad you would not let me sleep. I'll be here until tomorrow, so keep me awake some more."

But the players did not appear again.—Detroit Free Press.

Borrowing Habits of Poets.

On Tennyson's habit of failing to recognize clearly his own borrowings from the classical poets, Mr. Lang observes that the poets have always had a kind of regal indifference to their own lighter productions. Mr. Lang says: "Scott did not care; no, not when he found that he had unwittingly taken a line from a poem by the valet of a friend. In the preface to a little collection of verses from the novels he frankly declares that he cannot pretend to be certain which are of his own composition and which are not."

"To take an example from the level at the foot of Parnassus, I once read, in an American paper, some lines attributed to Mr. Austin Dobson. 'Not bad for Dobson,' I said freely to a friend. But it was proved on me that the rhymes were my own! A bard who forgets his own verses may be pardoned for remembering those of other people and mistaking a half line of somebody else's for his own. I dare say that Tennyson did this occasionally, but he could hardly say that 'the sun sets' without being accused of unconscious borrowing."

Greek and Roman Stories.

Warm as Greece and Rome and Egypt are, stories were made there in the dim and misty vistas of the past. It was not just the pattern used at present, but was a metal basin in which charcoal was burned. It sat in the middle of the room, and as the resulting smoke was of the slightest no opening in the roof or elsewhere was necessary. The same implement, still called by its old Greek name of brazier, is now employed in many portions of continental Europe, where it is utilized for heating as well as cooking.

But the progressive Romans improved on that and made a hypocrite. It was the germ of the present furnace. It was made under the house in a little cellar prepared for it, and the heat was conducted to the rooms and baths through crevices left in the floor and lower portions of the wall. Later times were provided, conducting heat to any portion of the house. In some of the old Roman villas in England the remains of these old time furnaces are still found.

A Street Parable.

A little girl stood at a window blowing soap bubbles. Beneath stood a little boy, and as she blew bubbles toward him he tried to catch them. They broke and disappeared on all sides, but the two laughed and kept up the game, she smiling down and he gazing upward eagerly.

"Behold, a parable!" said a man to a woman. "The eternal relation of the sexes! You blow beautiful bubbles down to us from your height, and we weary ourselves in trying vainly to catch them. Poor little boy!"

The pair played and laughed in the sunshine until the boy grew tired. He called out "Goodbye!" gayly and ran away to play with other boys and girls in the street. The girl looked after him wistfully, a shadow on her face. She did not care to blow bubbles any more. She leaned out to watch him, and as she did so she tipped over the bowl of soapy water. She looked very lonely.

"Behold, a parable!" said the woman to the man. "He has tired of the game; not she. There is no other little boy to blow bubbles to, and if there were she has no pretty bubbles left to blow. Eternal relation of sexes! Poor little girl!"—New York Tribune.

Fire Among Savage Nations.

According to Pliny fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptian tribes, and when a celebrated astronomer made them acquainted with that element and how to produce it they were wild with delight. The Persians, Phoenicians, Greeks and several other nations acknowledge that their ancestors were once without the comforts which fire bestows; the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pomponian, Mola, Plutarch and other ancient writers speak of nations which, at the time when they wrote, knew not the use of fire or had just recently learned it.

The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire or its uses. Their astonishment knew no bounds when they saw it applied to wood, most of them taking it to be some kind of an animal which the sailors had brought with them and which must be fed on wood.

MEMORY'S PRANKS.

Why Do We Remember Certain Things and Forget Others?

The vagaries of memory are some of the most interesting of those connected with the human mind and body. Why do we forget certain things and remember others? Myriads of these irregularities are as yet unaccounted for. Perhaps not even the cleverest metaphysician will ever account for them.

Professor James reminds us how something which we have tried in vain to recall will afterward, when we have given up the attempt, "saunter into the mind," as Emerson says, as innocently as if it had never been summoned.

Again, bygone experiences will revive after years of oblivion, often as the result of some cerebral disease or accident.

Such a case is the one quoted by Coleridge of a young woman in Germany who could neither read nor write, but who was said to be possessed of a devil because, in a fever, she was heard raving in Latin, Greek and in an obscure rabbinical dialect of Hebrew. Whole pages of her talk were written down and were found to consist of sentences intelligible in themselves, but not having the slightest connection with one another. To say that she was possessed of a devil was the easiest way of accounting for the matter.

At last the mystery was cleared up by a physician, who traced back the girl's history until he learned that at the age of nine she was taken to live at the house of an old pastor, a great Hebrew scholar, and that she remained there until the pastor's death. It had been for years the old man's custom to walk up and down a passage near the kitchen and read to himself in a loud voice.

His books were examined, and among them many of the passages taken down at the young woman's bedside were identified. The theory of demoniacal possession was abandoned.—Youth's Companion.

When Frenchmen Were Germans.

The name of France is derived from the Frank, or Franks, a people of Germany who seized that part of the country nearest the Rhine and settled there. Later on they subdued Paris and made that the royal seat of their increasing empire.

The origin of other geographical names is interesting and will serve to enlighten us when we read of, for instance, Hibernia for Ireland. Hibernia is said to be derived from a Phoenician word meaning "farthest habitation," there being no country known to them west of Erin.

Portugal obtained its name from Porto, the haven or port where the Gauls landed their stores. This is Oporto, called by the Portuguese O Porto (the port). The town was given as a dowry to Teresa when she married Henry de Lorraine, who styled himself Earl of Portugal because the place was known as the portus Galorum (the port of the Gauls). The name was finally extended to the whole country.

Russia took its denomination from the Rossi, or Russi, a people of the south of Russia, who possessed themselves of the country in the declining days of the Greek empire. Being the predominant inhabitants, they imposed their name on all the rest.

The Bird That Flies Longest.

Mr. J. Lancaster, naturalist, who spent five years on the west coast of Florida studying birds there, came to the conclusion that of all the feathered tenants of the air the frigate bird can fly the longest without resting. He has seen one flying for a whole week night and day without repose.

The frigate bird can feed, collect materials for its nest and even sleep on the wing. Apparently its wings can be controlled automatically, without the power of its will, and it probably adapts itself to take advantage of the upward or bearing force of the wind. The spread of the frigate bird's wing is great, and it can fly at a speed of ninety-six miles an hour, without seeming to flap its wings much.

The albatross—that "king of the high seas," as it has been called—is larger than the frigate bird, but if it follows a vessel for four or five days it has to rest on a rock or on the ship itself.

Origin of the Clearing House.

In 1775 the bankers of London rented a house in Lombard street and fitted it with tables and desks for the use of their clerks as a place where bills, notes, drafts and other commercial paper might be exchanged without the trouble of personal visits of employees to all the metropolitan banks. Transfer tickets were used, and by means of this simple plan transactions involving many millions were settled without a penny changing hands. The Bank of England and every other important bank in London are members of the Clearing House association. The first clearing house in the United States was established by the associated banks of New York in 1853.

Proving Polarization.

The polarization of the human body can be proved by allowing a strong current to flow through the body from one end to the other, the hands being placed in two basins connected with the poles. The hands are then dried and placed in two other basins of water connected with the wires of a delicate galvanometer. A current in the reverse direction to the original one is then found to flow from the body.

Johnson on Poverty.

Poverty, my dear friend, is so great an evil and pregnant with so much temptation and so much misery that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it. Live on what you have; live if you can on less. Do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure; the vanity will end in shame and the pleasure in regret.—Samuel Johnson.

Happy Thought of a Man in a Fix.

An operator for a western railroad who had served his company long and well was called into the office one day and asked if he thought he could hold down the job of night dispatcher. He promptly replied that he could and was told to report for duty that night, and his chief instructed him in what he was to do. Just after the chief left the office it began to blow and snow, and the trains commenced to run late. The new night dispatcher soon had developed a bad case of "rattles" and almost cried. He did not want an accident, and he could not handle the trains. So a happy thought struck him. As fast as a report came in he replied, directing the conductor to take a siding and wait for orders, and it was not a great while until he had every train on the division sidetracked. Then he took a book, lighted his pipe and sat down to wait for daylight. In the morning the chief appeared with anxiety written all over his face.

"Any accidents, Johnny?" asked the chief.

"Not an accident. I've got 'em all on the sidetrack, snowed in and waiting for orders, and you will have to get 'em out. I am going to blow this job." It took the chief and his force nearly all day to get the trains straightened out and traffic resumed on the road.—Indianapolis News.

Indigested Food.

The recurrence of the flavor of food for some time after eating is always an indication, writes a physician in a medical journal, that the food is not being properly digested. "I can taste it," we say after eating canned fruits and vegetables preserved by adding salicylic acid or formaldehyde, substances that embalm food against the digestive juices as completely as they protect it from the microbes of the outer air. And "I can taste it" would probably be the report of one who had made a hearty meal on a turkey kept several months in cold storage. "A man trying to live on such meat would simply starve to death or die of blood poisoning," adds the physician.

He does not fail to remind us that the storage warehouse is generally a convenience and a benefit and only when misused a source of danger. But neither he nor any one else could find a good word to say for manufacturers who put slow poison into a food product. The fitting punishment for them would be to give them nothing to eat but their own canned stuff.

False Tails For Horses.

False tails are extensively made for horses, old favorites especially, whose caudal appendages present a wornout and moth eaten appearance, like Petruchio's "old motley saddle," and his prodigiously motley get up ("Taming of the Shrew," iii, 2). They are also worn by funeral horses, and by other horses of exquisite outline selected for a particular kind of work, but which are somewhat spoiled in appearance by the possession of a rat tail (bald, like a rat's). These useful appliances, however, are not constructed exclusively for harness horses. I have seen rows of bogus tails, artistically joined on to the crupper, hanging up in a cavalry barracks ready for instant service, being slipped on just like a finger stall. The "fine ends" or false tails used by nobody but "horse copers" or low swindlers are most ingeniously fastened on the animal's bare back by invisible means. A dealer in horses never looks at a horse with a bad tail, and he always goes to the best market only.—Chambers's Journal.

Blind Judge Morris.

On one occasion, in trying an abduction case, Lord Morris, once chief justice of Ireland, addressed the jury as follows: "I am compelled to direct you to find a verdict of guilty in this case, but you will easily see that I think it is a trifling thing, which I regard as quite unfit to occupy my time. It is more valuable than yours. At any rate, it is much better paid for. Find, therefore, the prisoner guilty of abduction, which rests, mind ye, on four points: the father was not averse, the mother was not opposed, the girl was willing and the boy was conveyent."

The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the judge sentenced him to remain in the dock till the rising of the court. Hardly had he delivered sentence than, turning to the sheriff, Lord Morris said: "Let us go," and, looking at the prisoner, he called across the court, "Marry the girl at once, and God bless you both."

How High Birds Fly.

A Strassburg aeronaut says he has seen an eagle at the height of 3,000 yards, and again a pair of storks and a buzzard 900 yards above the sea level. On March 10, 1890, some aeronauts observed a lark flying at a height of 1,000 yards. On July 18, 1890, another balloon met a couple of crows at an altitude of 1,400 yards. These, however, are exceptions. Birds are hardly ever seen above a height of 1,000 yards; even above 400 yards they are not frequent.

A Relic of Peter the Great.

The cottage where Peter the Great dwelt when he was learning the trade of shipbuilding in Zaandam, Holland, still exists, though somewhat dilapidated. It contains the rude furniture which the great Peter used—a bedstead, table and two chairs. It is housed in a building erected for the purpose, and over the mantel is a tablet erected by Alexander of Russia in 1814.

Pacing a Natural Gait.

The pacing habit is common among animals, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine. Many animals pace—cattle, for instance; and, among dogs, setters. I believe pacing to be a rather more natural gait than trotting. Trotting, as it exists in our fast horses, is scarcely a natural gait, but is rather the result of breeding and education.

SPRINGS IN THE SEA

FRESH WATER STREAMS THAT BURST FROM THE OCEAN'S BED.

The Origin of the Underground Rivers That Have an Outlet Under the Persian Gulf Has Never Been Satisfactorily Explained.

Along the shallow bottom of the ocean, not very far from the land, a number of openings have been discovered in various parts of the world through which water as pure and fresh as that of any bubbling spring mingles with the salt water of the sea. Another remarkable class of fresh water springs is those that sink out of sight or perhaps never come to the surface, but follow hidden channels under the land and under the sea until they finally come to the open air on an island. Both of these types of underground rivers are perhaps most remarkably illustrated near and on Bahrain island. In the Persian gulf, a place that is also noted as one of the chief sources of pearls.

Bahrain island, the largest of the group of islands bearing that name, is about twenty miles off the coast of Arabia in the Persian gulf. As the island has almost no rainfall it is a dead level of sandy desert relieved only by palm groves and patches of vegetation where water springs to the surface from the mysterious underground channels. In many places the water does not reach the surface, but is found by sinking wells, the water being raised to the surface by donkeys and bullocks and poured into the channels from which the date palms and other crops are irrigated. These springs cannot possibly be derived from the island, and it is no more likely that they come from the sandy wastes of neighboring Arabia. The Arabian shore as far as can be seen is low and devoid of water except at El-Katif where similar springs are found.

Arabs say that these streams come straight from the Euphrates river through an underground channel by which the great river, in part, flows beneath the Persian gulf. Geologists, however, have dismissed this theory. Though the origin of the springs has not yet been satisfactorily explained, the most favored theory is that they come from the well watered slopes of the Persian mountains far to the north. If this theory is correct, it means that the rainfall sinks into the earth's crust until it reaches impermeable rock strata along which it is carried for a great distance to the south out under the sea until the rock, sloping upward, again brings the water near the surface on Bahrain island. Some of the wells that are thus supplied are enormous, and one of them, the Adari, serves for the irrigation of many miles of date palms through a canal of ancient construction. The Adari well is one of the great sights of Bahrain, being a deep basin of water 22 by 40 yards in size. The fact that it comes from a far higher source is shown by the force with which it enters the well. Divers, driven back by the strong current, are unable to reach the bottom.

There being no wells within miles of some of the coast towns of Bahrain, they obtain water from springs that issue from the bottom of the gulf not far from the shore. These springs of course have the same origin as the wells. Divers, with goatskins under their arms, dive through the salt water and fill the skins with the cold, fresh liquid at the bottom. The water obtained in this way usually contains

a slight admixture of salt water, so that the mixture is just a little brackish. At some of these openings at the sea bottom the head of water entering the sea is so strong that when hollow bamboos are pushed down into it the water rises through the tubes, delivering the fresh water directly into vessels that are held by men and women who are sitting in the boats that brought them from the land. The force of some of the streams as they come from the earth is so considerable that it pushes back the salt water, and the spring is not mixed with the sea water for quite a space around the place of entrance.

It has been practically determined within the past few years that the waters of a small river in West Africa which disappeared in a fresh water swamp that has no visible outlet find their way by an underground channel into the Atlantic and mingle with the sea through an opening in the bottom that has been discovered a few miles from Cape Verde. A channel has been found on the sea floor which, apparently, was cut by some fresh water stream. During some soundings that were made in 1895 for the purpose of finding and raising a broken cable the vessel engaged in the work was surrounded by swamp vegetation that was continually rising to the surface. It was evidently brought through the underground channel from the swamp.

The breaking of a cable off the mouth of the Rovuma river in East Africa has been attributed to the destructive action of a strong current of sweet water entering the sea level several miles from the land. Another remarkable example of a submarine river is found to the north of the city of Arica on the Pacific coast of South America. A river from the Andes that is gradually swallowed up in the sand has been found to make its way invisibly into the sea, with which it unites some miles from the land.—New York Sun.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Mix stove blacking with a little ammonia to prevent it burning off.

A teakettle should never be allowed to stand on the side of the fire with a small quantity of water in it.

A rose pomponi is made by packing fresh rose petals in salt, a layer of the petals, then a layer of salt, and keeping them covered for six months.

A convenient substitute for a cork-screw when the latter is not at hand may be found in the use of a common screw with an attached string to pull the cork.

For ink stains on furniture add six drops of nitric acid to a teaspoonful of water and apply it to the stain with a feather. If the stain does not yield to the first application, make it stronger and repeat the process.

Stains on silverware require prompt attention, otherwise it will take a long time to remove them. Sulphuric acid will remove the stain left by medicine. Dip the spoon in the acid, repeating the process until the stain has disappeared; then wash in very hot water.

His Watch-dog.

Mrs. Suburb—Oh, my dear, that magnificent watchdog you brought home yesterday is gone.

Mr. Suburb—En? Did he break the chain?

"No; but an ugly looking tramp came around and acted so terribly that I let the dog loose, but instead of tearing the tramp to pieces he went off with him."

"Great Scott! It must have been the same tramp I bought him of."

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Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS

Buy or build a home.
Few vacant houses in town.
A bountiful Thanksgiving.
Busy times at the water front.
The sick people are all getting well.
J. P. Regan has removed to San Francisco.

All sorts of Christmas goods at People's Store.
What has become of our Board of Fire Commissioners?

W. F. Bailey is repainting the outside signs at the Baden Cash Store.

The Standard Electric Co. has put the wires in place on the poles through town.

W. F. Bailey has commenced the work of repainting the big Merriam block.

The new artesian well is down 260 feet and will be completed early next week.

The company have had all the hydrants in town repainted the past week.

Mrs. F. O. Clawson has returned to her home from the hospital much improved in health.

Rent devours your substance. Join the ranks of home owners and become your own landlord.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

The force on the S. P. railroad putting in the double track between Millbrae and Burlingame has been largely increased.

People say the only drawback to the climate here is the wind. If these people would all plant trees they would get rid of the wind.

Healy and Rollins are pushing work on Dick Rogers new two-story building on Grand avenue. The painters and plasterers are already at work.

Buy your boots and shoes at home. Kauffmann has a complete stock and will sell just as cheap as you can buy in the city. We know because we've tried him.

W. F. Bailey has just finished repainting and papering the interior of Harry Loomis' saloon. The back rooms have been taken out, giving ample room for billiard table and bar-room.

This is the generous season. Every one is looking for holiday gifts and presents. Don't run to the city for these things, when you can get anything you need or want at the People's Store.

There is frequent complaint of late by citizens with regard to flocks of geese which are permitted to run at large and forage on gardens and grounds. The goat should be suppressed.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Martin Raab and Max Schmitt returned Monday evening from a fishing trip to Moss Beach. The boys brought back 40 eels and over 100 Abilones as proof of their skill. The Enterprise was remembered with some fine eels, which we found to be superb.

The grocery store business of Munro, Debedetti & Montevardo is forced to wait upon the completion of Dick Rogers' new building. Mell Cohen's brick store which will be used for the big grocery store and Mell will not move until the Rogers building is finished.

Mr. D. O. Daggett, agent of Wells Fargo & Co. at this place, received on Wednesday from his express company, a big fat Christmas turkey and a can of big Baltimore oysters for trimmings. Mr. Daggett appreciates the turkey, but prizes the good will of the company higher than this or any other remembrance.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

P. R. Brown, who is brakeman on the packing house train met with a very painful accident Tuesday. As the train was starting Brown's right foot got caught in the frog of the track. Brown hung on to the train and as a consequence the flesh was torn from the great toe of his right foot. Dr. Plymire amputated the toe at the first joint and Mr. Brown is getting along all right.

Our good wife said to us last Saturday "take me to the Pocahontas dance tonight" and we accepted the invitation. We went and we found the pavilion full of Pocahontas from side to side and from the music stand to the front doors. There were warriors also and all the Indians were good Indians. So was the music and the dancing and the ice cream and cake. Everybody worth naming was there, including many resident pale faces. The ballroom was just as nice as it could be and the ladies deserve the success they achieved.

CARROLL-ALDRICH.

On Sunday, November 24th, in South San Francisco, Cal., at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cushing, Justice of the Peace, E. E. Cunningham officiating, Mr. Chas. W. Carroll of Oakland, Cal., and Miss Rachel Aldrich of Chico, Cal., were united in the bonds of wedlock. It was a quiet but very pretty wedding. The fair bride was attired in white organdie and the groom wore the conventional black. After the ceremony the friends of the happy pair wished them all the good life holds, and they left for their future home in Oakland.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where working men may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

Man Who Named America.
Few Americans are aware of the fact that the name of their continent is due to a German scholar. In 1507 Martin Waldseemuller, also known as Hylacomylus, of St. Die, in the Vosges, edited a book called "Cosmographie Introductio," in which he gave a translation of Amerigo Vesputi's description of his voyages.

That was just the time when Amerigo's fame filled the world, while Columbus' disgrace overshadowed his merit, and evidently his name had never reached the quiet village in the Vosges when Amerigo trumpeted forth his own glory. So Hylacomylus proposed that, since the new continent was, after all, not a part of the Indies, no name would suit it better than that of his famous explorer, Amerigo.

The book was read far and wide, and so quickly was the proposition accepted that, when later on the true discoverer was known, the name was already rooted too deeply in general use to be abolished, and was even extended to the north part of the continent, while Hylacomylus had only meant it for the present South America.—National Geographic Magazine.

For Tired Eyes.
Eyes will be greatly strengthened by putting the face down into a glass or eyecup of water the first thing in the morning and opening them under water. This is somewhat difficult to do at first, but if the water for two or three days be tepid and gradually made colder by imperceptible degrees until it is no shock to put the face into quite cold water it will soon become quite easy and is very invigorating and refreshing.

If done regularly every day, this treatment alone will preserve the sight into quite old age. There is a right and wrong way of wiping the eyes after this, too, and the right way is to pass the soft towel very gently from the outer angle inward toward the nose.

If after a long day the eyes feel so hot and tired that they seem dim when one tries to read or to do a little necessary sewing for oneself, they should be bathed with cold tea from which the leaves have been removed.

He Knew Wall Street.
Upson Downes—There's a man over there who owes all his wealth to his deep knowledge of the ways of Wall Street.

Winan Luce—Went in and won his pile, eh?

Upson Downes—No; stayed out and kept what he had.—New York Times.

Not Necessary.
"When you are at a loss for a suitable word, do you ever apply to your wife?"
"No," replied the writer; "I don't have to. Her entire vocabulary is coming my way most of the time."—Chicago Post.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise the old established business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$15.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

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Sattler's Medical Wine

a fine tonic; pint bottle.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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feb16



"Does the course of their true love run smooth?" "Oh, yes; there are banks on both sides."—Moonshine.
Sarah—She's worth a million, and just the right age for you. Jerry—Any girl worth a million is the right age for me.

Mistress (to servant)—Be careful not to spill any soup on the ladies' laps. Biddy (now in service)—Yes, mum; where shall I spill it?

"Papa, how do people in the weather bureau find out what kind of weather we are going to have?" "I didn't know that they did, my son."

"Is your son Jack going back to college?" "No. The college president seems to agree with Mr. Schwab about his being a waste of time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Guide (referring to Egyptian Pyramids)—It took hundreds of years to build them. O'Brien (the wealthy contractor)—Then it was a government job—eh?—Tit-Bits.

The detachable sort: "Miss Flummery has such beautiful hair! Why, she can sit on it." "How careless of her to leave it lying around on chairs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Back Again: "Hullo, old boy, haven't seen you for an age! What are you doing now?" "I'm back at the old stamping ground." "Eh! Where's that?" "Postoffice."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Deferred Payments: "Is your daughter learning to play by note?" "Certainly not," answered Mrs. Cumrox, a little indignantly; "we pay cash for every lesson. The idea!"—Washington Star.

Fred—I see the Van Billion girl has adopted the English fashion of wearing sandals. Ned (the rejected)—Yes; it's the old Roman custom, and probably takes her back to her happy childhood.—Cleveland Spectator.

"Isn't he philosophical?" "Well, I should say so! When the lightning struck his house, he sat perfectly quiet, and afterward said he was glad it happened, as he'd been thinking some time of getting his hair singed."—Boston Home Journal.

Farmer Jones (1 a. m.)—Clear out, ye varmint, or I'll shoot ye! Josh Medders (desperately)—Shoot then! I come here to elope with your darter Sal, and by gum, I'm going to! Farmer Jones—Oh, excuse me! I thought ye had come to serenade her.—Puck.

Mr. Gooph—I tell you, Blithersby's wife is a jewel. Mr. Whoop—is that so? Mr. Gooph—I should say so. Why, he went fishing yesterday, and came home with an empty jug, a can of salmon and two salt mackerel, and she complimented him on his luck.

In the future: "Do yez keep an assistant to the cook?" "Yes." "And do the assistant have a helper?" "She has." "And have yez a kitchen-maid to clean up after the assistant's helper?" "We have." "Well, I'll give yez a wake's trial."—Brooklyn Life.

Ruling passion strong in death: "I saw Mrs. K. going into an auction sale last Monday. Isn't her craze for bargains extraordinary?" "Yes, indeed, I believe she could die happy if she knew she would be laid out on a bargain-counter and buried as a remnant."—Town and Country.

Discovered: "They had been married a year before anybody knew it, and even then their secret was discovered only by accident." "Indeed?" "Yes, one evening at a card-party, they thoughtlessly played partners, and the way they quarreled let the whole thing out!"—Detroit Free Press.

"Does Miss Whittipally ever say anything about me?" asked Gazlett, who wanted to find out where he stood. "Well, yes," answered Goblett, "she asked me to-day where you have been keeping yourself. She said you hadn't called on her for the last two or three minutes."—Indianapolis Sun.

Might have been worse: "Poor b'ye!" exclaimed O'Hara, condoling with Cassidy, who had been injured by a blast; "tis tough luck tel hav yet had blowed off." "Och! Faith, it might 'ave bin worse," replied Cassidy; "suppose Oid had me week's wage in it at the tolme!"—Philadelphia Press.

Ground plan completed: Naggus (literary editor)—How is your new society novel getting on, Borus? Borus (struggling author)—Splendidly. I've got the French phrases I'm going to use in the story all selected. There's nothing to do now but to fill in the English and divide it into chapters.—Chicago Tribune.

Mistress—I'm afraid you will not suit, Honora. And yet Mrs. Ranger said that you always gave perfect satisfaction at her house. The Cook—Yes, mem, we always got along first rate, me and Mrs. Ranger. Mistress—But did you have a great deal of cooking to do there? The Cook—Didn't have any; lived on can stuff. Thought that was the way all real ladies did.

Revivalist—Is it possible that you dance? Fair Sinner—Oh, yes, often. Revivalist—Now, tell me, honestly and fairly, don't you think the tendency of dancing is toward sin? Fair Sinner—I must confess that sometimes while dancing I have very wicked thoughts. Revivalist—Aha! I feared so. When is it that you have wicked thoughts? Fair Sinner—When my partner steps on my toes.—New York Weekly.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at higher prices and are in demand. SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand but at lower prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at easier prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are for 100 lbs. (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8½¢@9¢; 2d quality, 8¢@8½¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6½¢@7½¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½¢@7½¢; thin Cows, 4¢@6¢.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 5½¢@5½¢; over 250 lbs, 5¼¢@5½¢; rough heavy hogs, 4¢@4½¢.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 3¼¢@3½¢; Ewes, 3¢@3½¢; Suckling Lambs, \$2.50@3 per head; or 4¼¢@4½¢ per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5¢@5½¢; over 250 lbs, 4¼¢@4½¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses, light hams, 11¢; second quality, 6¢@6½¢; first quality cows and heifers, 5½¢@6¢; second quality, 5¢; third quality, 5¢.

VEAL—Large, 7½¢@8¢; small, good, 8½¢@9¢; common, 7½¢@8¢.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7¢@7½¢; Ewes, 6¢@6½¢; Suckling Lambs, 7½¢@8½¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8½¢@8½¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13½¢; picnic hams, 10½¢; Atlanta ham, 10½¢; New York, shoulder, 10½¢.

BAKED—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15¢; light S. C. bacon, 14¢; med. bacon, clear, 11½¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12¢; clear light, bacon, 13¢; clear ex. light bacon, 11¢.

BEER—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.25; Family Beer, bbl, \$11.50; hf-bbl, \$5.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$5.00.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10½¢; do, light, 10½¢; do, Bellies, 10½¢; Extra Clear, bbls., \$21.00; hf-bbls., \$10.75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.40; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are as follows:
Tes. 1½-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.
Compound 7½ 7½ 7½ 7½ 8½ 8½
Cal. pure 10½ 10½ 10½ 10½ 11½ 11½
In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s, \$1.25; Roast Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s, \$1.25.

Ideal Dental Co.

6 EDDY ST., Rooms 32 & 44,

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Five years written guarantee with all work.

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Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

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All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

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MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

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Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

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The Finest Inclosed

COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of

South San Francisco. Special attention paid to

the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders

at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XIII.

In one sense time seemed to be standing still with me after my home return, so like were the days that followed the one to the other. But in another sense those days fled with awful swiftness, for they were hurrying us both, my mother and me, to a great goal which would soon, far too soon, lie between us.

Every afternoon Julia came to spend an hour or two with my mother; but her arrival was always formally announced, and it was an understood thing that I should immediately quit the room, to avoid meeting her. There was an etiquette in her resentment which I was bound to observe.

I had not taken up any of my old patients again, for I was determined that everybody should feel that my residence at home was only temporary. But about ten days after my return the following note was brought to me, directed in full to Dr. Martin Dobree:

"A lady from England, who is only a visitor in Guernsey, will be much obliged by Dr. Martin Dobree calling upon her at Rose Villa, Vauvert Road. She is suffering from a slight indisposition; and knowing Dr. Senior by name and reputation, she would feel great confidence in the skill of Dr. Senior's friend."

I wondered for an instant who the stranger could be, and how she knew the Seniors; but as there could be no answer to these queries without visiting the lady, I resolved to go. Rose Villa was a house where the rooms were let to visitors during the season, and the Vauvert Road was scarcely five minutes' walk from our house. Julia was paying her daily visit to my mother, and I was at a loss for something to do, so I went at once.

I found a very handsome, fine-looking woman, dark, with hair and eyes as black as a gypsy's, and a clear olive complexion to match. Her forehead was low, but smooth and well shaped; and the lower part of her face, handsome as it was, was far more developed than the upper. There was not a trace of refinement about her features; yet the coarseness of them was but slightly apparent as yet. My new patient did not inspire me with much sympathy; but she attracted my curiosity, and interested me by the bold style of her beauty.

"You Guernsey people are very stiff with strangers," she remarked, as I sat opposite to her, regarding her with that close observation which is permitted to a doctor.

"So the world says," I answered. "Of course I am no good judge, for we Guernsey people believe ourselves as perfect as any class of the human family."

"I have been here a week," she replied, pointing her full crimson lips, "and have not had a chance of speaking a word, except to strangers like myself who don't know a soul."

That, then, was the cause of the little indisposition which had obtained me the honor of attending her. I indulged myself in a mild sarcasm to that effect, but it was lost upon her. She gazed at me solemnly with her large black eyes, which shone like beads.

"I am really ill," she said, "but it has nothing to do with not seeing anybody, though that's dull. There's nothing for me to do but take a bath; in the morning and a drive in the afternoon, and go to bed very early. Good gracious! it's enough to drive me mad!"

"Try Jersey," I suggested.

"No, I'll not try Jersey," she said. "I mean to make my way here. Don't you know anybody, doctor, that would take pity on a poor stranger?"

"I am sorry to say no," I answered.

She frowned at that and looked disappointed. I was about to ask her how she knew the Seniors, when she spoke again.

"Do you have many visitors come to Guernsey late in the autumn, as late as October?" she inquired.

"Not many," I answered; "a few may arrive who intend to winter here."

"A dear young friend of mine came here last autumn," she said, "alone, as I am, and I've been wondering ever since I've been here how she would get along amongst such a set of stiff, formal, stand-offish folks. She had not money enough for a dash, or that would make a difference, I suppose."

"Not the least," I replied, "if your friend came without any introductions."

"What a dreary winter she'd have!" pursued my patient, with a tone of exaltation. "She was quite young, and as pretty as a picture. All the young men would know her, I'll be bound, and you amongst them, Dr. Martin. Any woman who isn't a fright gets stared at enough to be known again."

Could this woman know anything of Olivia? I looked at her more earnestly and critically. She was not a person I should like Olivia to have anything to do with. A coarse, ill-bred, bold woman, whose eyes met mine unabashed, and did not blink under my scrutiny. Could she be Olivia's step-mother, who had been the ruin of her life?

"I'd bet a hundred to one you know her," she said, laughing and showing all her white teeth. "A girl like her couldn't go about a little poky place like this without all the young men knowing her. Perhaps she left the island in the spring. I have asked at all the drapers' shops, but nobody recollects her. I've very good news for her if I could find her—a slim, middle-sized girl, with a clear, fair skin and grey eyes and hair of a bright brown. Stay, I can show you her photograph."

She put into my hands an exquisite portrait of Olivia, taken in Florence. There was an expression of quiet mournfulness in the face, which touched me to the core of my heart. I could not put it down and speak indifferently about it. My heart beat wildly, and I felt tempted to run off with the treasure and return no more to this woman.

"Ah! you recognize her?" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"I never saw such a person in Guernsey," I answered, looking steadily into her face. A sullen and gloomy expression came across it, and she snatched the portrait out of my hand.

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"It seems years to me. All life has changed for me. I had no idea then of my mother's illness."

"Nor I," she said, sighing deeply. "If I had known it, I continued, 'all this might not have happened. Surely the troubles I shall have to bear must plead with you for me!'"

"Yes, Martin," she answered; "yes, I am very sorry for you."

She came forward and offered me her hand but without looking into my face. I saw that she had been crying, for her eyes were red. In a tone of formal politeness she asked me if I would not sit down. I considered it best to remain standing, as an intimation that I should not trouble her with my presence for long. I had no time to lose, lest Kate Daltrey should come in, and it was a very difficult subject to approach.

"We were talking of you to-day," she said at length, in a hurried and thick voice. "Aunt is in great sorrow about you. It preys upon her day and night that you will be dreadfully alone when she is gone, and—Martin, she wishes to know before she dies that the girl in Sark will become your wife."

The words struck like a shot upon my ear and brain. What! had Julia and my mother been arranging between them my happiness and Olivia's safety that very afternoon. Such generosity was incredible. I could not believe I had heard aright.

"She has seen the girl," continued Julia, in the same husky tone, "and she is convinced she is no adventuress. Johanna says the same. They tell me it is unreasonable and selfish in me to doom you to the dreadful loneliness I feel. If Aunt Dobree asked me to pluck out my right eye just now, I could not refuse. It is something like that, but I have promised to do it. I release you from every promise you ever made to me, Martin."

"Julia!" I cried, crossing to her and bending over her with more love and admiration than I had ever felt before; "this is very noble, very generous."

"No," she said, bursting into tears; "I am neither noble nor generous. I do it because I cannot help myself, with aunt's white face looking so imploringly at me. I do not give you up willingly to that girl in Sark. I hope I shall never see her or you for many, many years. Aunt says you will have no chance of marrying her till you are settled in a practice somewhere; but you are free to ask her to be your wife. Aunt wants you to have somebody to love you and care for you after she is gone, as I should have done."

"But you are generous to consent to it," I said again.

"No," she answered, wiping her eyes and lifting up her head; "I thought I was generous; I thought I was a Christian, but it is not easy to be a Christian when one is mortified, and humbled, and wounded. I am a great disappointment to myself; quite as great as you are to me. I fancied myself very superior to what I am. I hope you may not be disappointed in that girl in Sark."

Her hand was lying on her lap, and I stooped down and kissed it, seeing on it still the ring I had given her when we were first engaged. She did not look at me or bid me good-bye, and I went out of the house, my veins tingling with shame and gladness. I met Captain Carey coming up the street, with a basket of fine grapes in his hand. He appeared very much amazed.

"Why, Martin!" he exclaimed, "can you have been to see Julia?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Reconciled?" he said, arching his eyebrows, which were still dark and bushy, though his hair was grizzled.

"Not exactly," I replied, with a stiff smile exceedingly difficult to force; "nothing of the sort indeed. Captain, when will you take me across to Sark?"

"Come, come! none of that, Martin," he said; "you're on honor, you know. You are pledged to poor Julia not to visit Sark again."

"She has just set me free," I answered; "and out of the fullness of my heart I told him all that had just passed between us. His eyes glistened, though a film came across them which he had to wipe away."

"She is a noble girl," he ejaculated; "a fine, generous, noble girl. I really thought she'd break her heart over you at first, but she will come round again now. Will have a run down to Sark to-morrow."

I felt myself lifted into a third heaven of delight all that evening. My mother and I talked of no one but Olivia. The present rapture so completely eclipsed the coming sorrow that I forgot how soon it would be upon me. I remember now that my mother neither by word nor sign suffered me to be reminded of her illness. She listened to my rhapsodies, smiling with her divine, pathetic smile. There is no love, no love at all, like that of a mother!

Swiftly we ran across the next day, with a soft wind drifting over the sea and playing upon our faces, and a long furrow lying in the wake of our boat. It was almost low tide when we reached the island. I found Tardif's house completely deserted. The only sign of life was a family of hens clucking about the fold.

The door was not fastened, and I entered, but there was nobody there. I called, but there was no answer. Olivia's door was ajar, and I pushed it a little more open. There lay books I had lent her on the table, and her velvet slippers were on the floor, as if they had only just been taken off. Very worn and brown were the little slippers, but they reassured me she had been wearing them a short time ago.

I returned through the fold. All the place seemed left to itself. Tardif's sheep were browsing along the cliffs, and his cows were tethered here and there. At last I caught sight of a head rising from behind a crag, the rough shock head of a boy, and I shouted to him, making a trumpet with my hands.

"Where is neighbor Tardif?" I called.

"Down below there!" he shouted back again, pointing downwards to the Hawk Gosselin. I did not wait for any further information, but darted off down the long, steep gully to the little strand, where the pebbles were being lapped lazily by the ripple of the lowering tide. Tardif's boat was within a stone's throw, and I saw Olivia sitting in the stern of it. I shouted again with a vehemence which made them both start.

"Come back, Tardif," I cried, "and take me with you!"

The boat was too far off for me to see how my sudden appearance affected Olivia. Did she turn white or red at the sound of my voice? By the time it neared the shore and I plunged in knee-deep to meet it, her face was bright with smiles, and her hands were stretched out to help me over the boat's side.

If Tardif had not been there I should have kissed them both. As it was, I tucked up my wet feet out of reach of her dress and took an oar, unable to utter a word of the gladness I felt.

"Where are you going to?" I asked, addressing neither of them in particular.

"Tardif was going to row me past the entrance to the Gouliot Caves," answered Olivia, "but we will put it off now. We will return to the shore and hear all your adventures, Dr. Martin. You come upon us like a phantom and take an oar in ghostly silence. Are you really, truly there?"

(To be continued.)

TURKEY AND PARTRIDGE NESTS.

Owner of the Turkey Found Them Sitting on a Nest of Eggs.

A peculiar and unprecedented friendship has been found to exist between a turkey and a partridge near Monticello, N. Y. Herm Cooney, who resides on the shores of Silver Lake, has a small flock of turkeys of which he is justly proud. The queen of the flock is an especially fine specimen, and has always proved a perfect domestic model, but for a week past she has been acting strangely, leaving home in the morning and not returning until late in the afternoon. Affairs grew gradually worse and finally reached the climax when she did not return home at night.

Mr. Cooney, noticing the absence of his prize turkey, organized a searching party composed of himself and Patrick Callery, and started out to search the woods. The search had progressed for some time when they discovered the missing turkey and by its side was a large partridge. The two were covering a large nest and seemed perfectly contented. They were scared off, and thirteen partridge eggs and nearly as many turkey eggs were found in the nest.

If the partnership between the turkey and partridge continues to be agreeable, Mr. Cooney intends doing an extensive business in partridge and turkey raising next year.

That New Educational System.

The Speers system of imparting useful knowledge to the young, as exemplified in Chicago, is not a novel one. With modifications, it is the same system used in training performing monkeys and dogs. The learned pig gets his education by the Speers method, and so the system may justly claim to be well grounded.

In the Speers system as prepared for the little bipeds of Chicago, the teacher points out on the Speers chart the word "hop." Then the teacher hops and the children hop. The next word is "skip," and the teacher skips and the children skip. If the next word is "grin," they all grin. If it is "wink," they all wink. It is fun as well as profit, you see—especially for the teacher. When it reaches "flip-flop" and "summersault" it becomes more so.

"What is that word, George?" says the fond Chicago father to his bright offspring.

"Pronounce it for me, daddy," says the bright offspring.

"Reverse," replies daddy.

"Ah, I know," cries Master George, and at once stands on his head.

It certainly is a nice system.

Thread Used in Surgery.

The modern surgeon employs in his work dozens of different kinds of thread for sewing up cuts and wounds. Among them are kangaroo tendons, horsehair, silk and very fine silver wire. Many of these threads are intended to hold for a certain number of days and then naturally break away. The short, tough tendons taken from the kangaroo, which are used for sewing severe wounds, will hold for about four weeks before they break away. Silk thread will remain much longer, sometimes six months, while the fine silver wire is practically indestructible.

With the entire outfit a surgeon is able to select a thread that will last as long as the wound takes to heal and will then disappear completely. To accommodate this assortment of threads special varieties of needles are required. Besides the needle craned in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points. Some are as long as bodkins, in a point like a miniature knife blade. Others have the sharpened end triangular.

"Phtholgyrrh" Spells "Turner."

He walked up to the hotel register and signed his name with a flourish, "E. K. Phtholgyrrh."

"Look here, Turner," exclaimed the clerk, who knew him well, "are they hunting for you or what? Where do you get that outlandish name?"

"Get back, my boy, get back! You're slow," replied Turner, airily, as he lit a cigar; "that's my same old name written in plain English and pronounced as usual just 'Turner.' Look at it. Of course I do it just to get them all guessing. They wonder what nation I am from; what my name is. I can now hear people talk about me all round. It is, as I said before, English spelling. 'Phth,' there is the sound of 't' in 'phthisis'; 'olo,' there is the 'u' in 'Colonel'; 'gn,' there is the 'n' in 'gnat'; 'yrrh' is the sound of 'er' in 'myrrh'. Now, if that doesn't spell 'Turner' what does it spell?"

Hens Not Feeling Well.

Twelve eggs sold by a Brooklyn dairyman had among them five that were decayed. The purchaser returned them, saying that he wanted the product of healthy hens. "These," said the purchaser, "must have been laid when the hens were not feeling well."

When a woman meets another woman down town, she always screams out in an excited way: "Well, what on earth are you doing down town?"



See! Wheat Per Acre.

At the Ohio State University and Experiment Station they have for many years been testing different amounts of seed wheat per acre. The first experiments were on rich bottom land. Where they sowed five pecks per acre the yield was thirty-four bushels, and where they put on seven pecks they harvested thirty-seven bushels, a gain of a bushel for each peck of seed. It was repeated the next year on five duplicate plots sown at each rate. In every case the results were in favor of the seven pecks per acre, it giving enough larger crop to more than repay the extra cost of the seed. Tests have been made on the same farm several years since with varying quantities, with the result that best crops were always obtained when not less than five pecks or more than seven pecks were sown. Having removed in 1892 to a farm where the soil is less productive than that first tested, they have found the most profitable harvests from the use of eight pecks or more of seed. In unfavorable seasons the best results there have been from nine to ten pecks of seed. While we cannot dispute the correctness of their tests, we think some of those who thoroughly fit their ground get better results from less than seven pecks than from more, and it may depend for profit upon the point of the comparative cost of extra seeding or of extra labor in fitting the soil.—American Cultivator.

Calving-Weaning Device.

It is sometimes a difficult task to wean calves, for some of them will persistently suck the old cow at every opportunity. A device to break up the habit may be made of a board an inch thick, making the other dimensions to

recognition to the part which the chickens play in connection with the farm revenues. It is a sheer waste of money to build good houses and fill them with hens which have lived beyond the day of their greatest usefulness. Send the aged hens away this summer just as soon as they have weaned their brood. Don't wait until fall, as they will then have to be sold in competition with the young stock, with which the market will be flooded. You could not find poorer employment than trying to get winter eggs from hens over three years old.

Farmers, Keep Accounts.

The farmer who does not keep an account of all his business and farming operations is making a great mistake. The benefits derived from keeping such an account are many and varied. It begets an interest in one's business to know the profit on every detail. It forms a reliable basis of knowledge of the most profitable departments. There is a satisfaction in feeding stock when one knows the profit that is being made. It enables the farmer to conduct operations on business principles. A good business man would scarcely think of doing business without an account book. Why should a farmer? Get an account book and keep tab of your business. You will get 100 per cent in satisfaction. I would also advise the keeping of a notebook, in which to note briefly the title and a few general points of the articles of interest that occur in the farm papers taken. By noting the title, name and date of paper, and filing the papers away in proper order, one can readily look up any desired article, which otherwise might require hours. Try it, and see if you do not take more interest in your farm papers.—Exchange.

Broad Tires for Farm Wagons.

The great value of broad tires for both farm wagons and carts and those used for carrying heavy loads on the road has long been demonstrated beyond question. In a recent bulletin issued by the experiment station of the University of the State of Missouri, the director says: Numerous tests of the draft of wide and narrow tired wagons have been made at this station during the last two years on macadam, gravel and dirt roads in all conditions, and on meadows, pastures and ploughed fields, both wet and dry. The draft has been determined by means of a self-recording dynamometer. The net load was in every trial the same, viz., 2,000 pounds. Contrary to public expectation, in a large majority of cases the draft was materially less when tires six inches in width were used than when the tests were made with tires of standard width—one and one-half inches.

Grinding Corn Folder.

That the corn shredder is a valuable piece of machinery there is no question, neither is there any doubt but what even the old-fashioned corn cutter is an improvement over feeding the whole stalks to the cattle. A new attachment to a corn cutter drops the cut corn stalks from the hopper of the cutter between two cogged cylinders, which literally chew the corn into bits, so that every particle of the stalk is eaten by the cows. This attachment may be fashioned by a local blacksmith. Such a machine ought to be manufactured and sold for less money than a shredder and be just the thing for the farmer who cannot afford a shredder.

When the calf is from ten days to three weeks old take a pair of shears and clip the hair off all over and around the little button or place where the horn would appear if left to grow; then dip the end of a stick of caustic potash into cold water and rub over the place where the horn would appear. Rub good and hard until the skin is broken or eaten just a little. If taken in time one application will be sufficient. If it should start to grow repeat the operation. Care should be taken not to get any of the caustic on fingers or on any more of the calf's head than necessary.—Exchange.

Dehorning Calves.

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